Gen. WM. BOOTH, General. D. M. REES, Commissioner.

The All Round the World War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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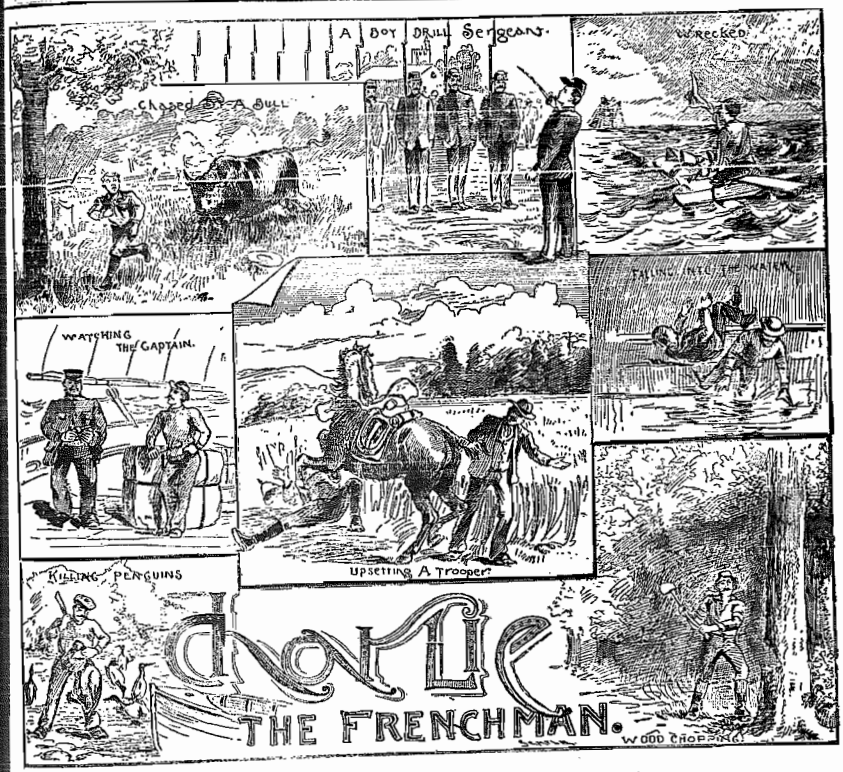


CHARLIE THE FRENCHMAN.

No. Charlie is not his real name, but, seeing that his real name is a trifle too difficult for ordinary Englishmen to articulate, the name "Charlie," or, as he would pronounce it, "Sharlie," comes in handy for us who have daily dealings with him. Ordinarily, he is the first Salvationist whom the visitor to Headquarters meets, and in your greeting—"*Bon jour, monsieur, comment allez vous?*" he will readily answer, "*Tres bien,*" and even if he should not happen to be quite *tres bien*, physically, you may always reckon on getting a satisfactory reply when you ask him about the welfare of his soul. "*Oui oui,*" says he, "*Je suis bien sauve!*"

Like the Italians and Swiss, Frenchmen as a rule are both

Ardent and Impulsive.

No race on earth can demonstrate its hatred or its affection in a more practical way than the French, and nobody can jump from one extreme of emotion to another like the Frenchman or the Italian.

In Charlie, from his earliest years, were seen well developed, those strong emotional characteristics of his race, and like nearly all boys of every nation under heaven, he had a greater liking for mischief than for his far study or books. He was sent to school at three years of age, but instead of learning as he ought, he was a bad boy and used to "cheek" his teacher.

Partly on account of the poverty of his parents, and partly because they could see that educational influences were thrown away on him, he was taken from the seminary at nine years of age, and sent to mind cattle; but the great big bull was too much for him, and instead of allowing itself to be minded, in a rage it would go for its youthful keeper, who forthwith had to take refuge in a tree.

Later on, Charlie's pilfering proclivities caused his parents no small amount of trouble. One day he stole some money from the top of a cupboard, where his father had placed it in the forlorn hope that it would be out of his reach, and with this he cleared out, returning, however, to receive what he calls "a leedle hiding, nor a big von."

French lads, under a certain age, are not allowed to enlist without their parents' written consent, so, weary of home restraints, we next find Charlie entreating his father to let him go for a soldier. Consent was at length obtained, and for three months after his enlistment Charlie stayed in the barracks, learning the drill. In this art he soon became so efficient that he was

Made Drill-sergeant,

and thousands of people came down from the town to see him—a lad of sixteen—drilling the soldiers.

From the barracks he was sent on board a man-o'-war ship, called "La Vengeance," and in connection with the notorious Crimean war, which was then agitating the whole of Europe, he sailed up the Baltic to the "Bon Masson" fort.

One day, while there, he went out to look for some fruit that was growing in the bush, and some of the Russians came out and took him prisoner. They brought him before the governor of the fort, who thought him a nice little lad, and gave him to his son as a playmate. Three or four days after that the French and English took the fort, and he was thus enabled to return to his friends and tell them how the Russians had kept him as their

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

ABOUT THE GENERAL.

His Reception in Cape Town.

Great and Influential Gatherings—The Governor, the Commander of the Troops, and the President of the Legislature Present.

(English Cry.)

With characteristic good fortune, the General arrived at Cape Town in ample time for the first meetings announced.

The telegraphic reports of these gatherings show that they were of the most influential and encouraging description. In the fore part of the day he addressed a select meeting of citizens, on his Social Scheme. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg presided, and the audience included Sir H. B. Loch, the Governor of the Colony; Lieut.-General Cameron, Commander of the troops; the Honorable Sir J. H. de Villiers, Chief Justice and President of the Legislative Assembly, and a large number of members of both houses of the Cape Legislature.

The Chairman warmly welcomed the General, and in introducing him to the audience, described him as "the head of most wonderful and powerful social organization the present century had produced." In the evening the General addressed over five thousand persons in the largest building in Cape Town. Like the first assembly, the gathering of all classes and creeds was quite phenomenal in its character.

The chair was taken by the Chief Justice, who, in his opening speech, touched upon some Colonial objections to General Booth's plan of emigration, but said that "South Africa was large enough to maintain a big population, and the colonists had no objections to receiving honest men and women, although they were poor."

A resolution expressing deep sympathy and confidence in the main principles of the scheme was carried by acclamation, amid great enthusiasm.

In the course of conversation after the meeting, the General expressed himself as highly pleased with the universal cordiality of his reception. He was the guest of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg.

A Reuter's telegram from Kimberley (Saturday) states:—"The General arrived here to-day and met with a most cordial reception. His progress from the railway station to his hotel was of quite a triumphal character, the streets being lined with immense crowds, who warmly cheered the General as he passed. A great meeting in furtherance of the objects of the Salvation Army will be held to-night under the auspices of the Diamond Fields Ministers' Association.

* * *

Later.

The General continues to have remarkable meetings in Africa. A wonderful time was spent in Kimberley, where our African Headquarters is situated, and he has held great meetings in Port Elizabeth, another important centre. So far, the General's great tour has been a big success, and we are confident this will be still more so as the time wears on.

The General and party returned to Cape Town to join the R.M.S. "Tainui," and sailed on Friday, 28th Aug., Hobart, Tasmania, where they will be received by Commissioner Coombs, Col. McKie, and others, and proceed at once to Melbourne. The passage will occupy about three weeks.

A free complimentary railway pass has been granted to the General and Colonel Nicol for their journeys in Africa, in addition to which all officers, soldiers, and recruits have been allowed to travel at single fares for double journey when attending the General's meetings.

The travelling arrangements in Australia, too, are most satisfactory. The various Governments, in whose hands are the railways, are not only showing their appreciation of the Army's work by supplying complimentary passes for the General and his Secretary, but are arranging to reserve special accommodation for his use when travelling, and making the same concession as in Africa for all Salvationists attending his meetings.

BRAVERY IN "DARKEST ENGLAND."

BY J. ROWLAND, BRANDON.

Speak we of the generous brave and true,
Nor let them e'er be classed with the few
That dare the battles' bloody fields, and stand
The tropic heat of some polluted land.
Brave men there are who never used the sword,
Who never fixed the bayonet at the word
"Fix bayonets!" nor have faced a mighty foe,
Whose aspirations are to dare and do.

Give we all honor to the brave Hussars
Who did a noble part in Egypt's wars,
Who formed a bold and never flinching foe,
While rude barbarians down the hill did flow
In one great wave of sable human kind.
Some leading on the foremost ranks—behind
Were others boldly pressing on to find
A British force as sturdy as the oak,
(That's prized for strength by all the British folk;)
That flinches not when Northern winds assail
And bids defiance to the raging gale.

O, muses! light as air come gently down,
And teach us ne'er on righteous men to frown,
But let us justice have, and mercy know,
So unto others we may mercy show;
Join in with General Booth with helping hand
To help the helpless in our Mother land.
Th' oppressors of the poor we would disdain,
Who cause the widows' hearts to bleed in vain
And cause the orphans—O the cruel wrong—
To cry for bread, while they move proudly on,
Nor deign to look to such that cry for bread,
And caring less how they are to be fed.
All such that look upon the needy poor,
Their spirits may to fond ambition soar—
But let us never class them with the brave,
For others they have never tried to save.

We spoke of military forces strong,
Of how they drove the stubborn foe along,
And won a name, and gained a nation's praise
That will be chanted in the poet's lays,
And told to children while they stop their glee
And listen to their sires attentively;
How their brave fathers in the days of yore
Did face the foe in the Egyptian war—
But there are men as noble and as brave
That never faced a mighty human wave,
And ne'er in British service were engaged,
But warfares far superior they have waged:
They've fought right nobly for a crust of bread
While perspiration down their brows has sped,
Some toiling hard in cold and wint'ry weather
For bread to keep their body and soul together,
Fond mothers—who to appease their children's cry—
(While with the heavy burden of a sigh)
Have sallied forth into the world untried,
Or to the distaff willing hands have plied,
And spun the woolly substance into yarn,
Whereby they could an honest penny earn
To keep the children from a starving state.
Some mothers too, all day have slaved, and late
Into the dismal night have sat and sewn
Until the hours of night were nearly flown;
"Well, peradventure," some may even say
"It was not bravery led them to the fray!"
What was it then? We ask, I pray you tell;
"What was it!" they reply—"thou sayest well
What was it? why! 'twas love, and nothing more.
For love alone, then, help the striving poor."
As pity is akin to love, so love
To bravery is. What tends to move
The sympathising heart, the eyes to tears,
Makes love to follow suit; and men of years
While yielding to this passion of the soul,
Have learned to face—the hungry lions' scowl,
And stood like flint while wolves around did roar,
As bold as heroes of the Trojan war.
While prompted on by love, men braver grow,
And bid defiance to their every foe.
Brave is he that ruleth well his heart,
And plays the honest man in every part.
E'en he that dares to take a city strong—
Though praised in ancient Homer's warlike song—
Is not as brave as he who dares to fight
His soul's dark foe, and dares to do the right.

BEREAVEMENTS.

Having Special Reference to Major and Mrs. Baugh, Adjt. and Mrs. Howell, Adjt. and Mrs. Walder, and others who have so Recently been Bereaved.

God has been working mysteriously around us during the last few weeks. Loved ones have been taken away, but yet we praise Him. How could we do otherwise when we know that He is our Father-God, and "doeth all things well." The worldling and stranger to the Kingdom knows only how to smile when gladness and brightness play around his path. The child of Heaven has discovered that

"ILLS HAVE NO WEIGHT,

and tears no bitterness." whatever may be the earthly outlook.

Most earnestly do we tender to Major and Mrs. Baugh, and to Adjutant and Mrs. Howell, sympathies in the name of the God who has so often comforted us, that we might better know how to comfort others. From both these households a little one has been taken, over whose deaths the consecrated parents have said a sincere "Thy will be done."

We have a letter from the Major, in which he speaks of the suddenness of their loss finishing his account by a soldierly acquiescence in the wisdom of God's dealings. He says, "The child has gone to a better land. We mourn, but do not murmur. A Father's hand holds the rod. Hallelujah!"

How good it is thus to trust where we cannot trace! How hard it is, too, when a man or woman is not quite right in his soul, and has no living faith in his Christ because he has become separated from Him by a barrier of sin and doubt!

It is easy enough to talk, I know, but there is grace given for more than this—grace to suffer and be silent beneath the chastening hand of God, grace to give Him the glory even out of the cloud of affliction. He has given this grace unto our comrades, teaching them to rejoice in that they have treasures to give Him and consecration to do it. We have need to pray that

SPECIAL CHEER AND BLESSING,

however, may be given unto them, knowing that into *our* homes may come also the messenger of death, when in turn we shall need the prayers of our comrades.

In a future issue we are giving a short sketch of Lieut. Curlew's life and death, but we ask meanwhile the prayers of our readers on behalf of his family and friends too.

B. B. C.

NOTES FROM BROCKVILLE.

A Salvation Sample Room — Cucumbers for "War Crys"—Mayor Booth Lends a Helping Hand — A Clerical Looking Gentleman — Three Souls.

The old barracks we have just vacated was formerly a police court, bar-room, sample room, and finally a Salvation Sample Room, and we have some good samples here on exhibition.

* * *

Our present barracks, just occupied by us, was formerly a bowling alley, then a printing office where the "Recorder" newspaper was printed; next a cheese-box factory, and now a Salvation cathedral, where the devil has been bowled out of three hearts already. Praise God.

* * *

The Lieutenant offered a WAR CRY to a farmer the other day, but the farmer said he had no money, but would exchange cucumbers for a CRY. The exchange was made, and we have had cucumbers on hand ever since.

* * *

An invitation came from Headquarters for the officers to attend the Anniversary meetings at Toronto in September, so I have been trying to raise our fares. Among those who have subscribed so far towards the amount needed is His Worship, Mayor Booth, who kindly gave $2; Mr. Baun, the proprietor of the Revere House, $2, and whilst holding an open-air the other night outside the Grand Central Hotel, the proprietor and his wife gave sixty cents in the collection.

* * *

The people stared very hard at the Army on Thursday night in the open-air when they saw a clerical-looking gentleman with a shining silk hat, black frock coat, white tie, etc., leading the meeting, but it was no other than Capt. Ludgate, who had been requested by the friends of the ... to repeat his life's experience ... racks was packed out, and the ... ed in till 10:15 p.m. listening to the ... of the love of God as exhibited in ... Joseph C. Ludgate. We close this ... first week in our new barracks with ... crying for mercy. Hallelujah! I ... saved.

Hear ...

Eastern Travels and ...

NEWFOUNDLAND VISITED.

BY BRIG. JACOBS.

After nearly three days and three ... on the mighty deep, Mrs. Jacobs ... especially glad to know we were ... St. Johns, N. F. Major Scott and Capt. ... Shea, the Perpetual Motion man, was ... the wharf to give us a proper Newfound... land welcome. At the present time ... a number of our Newfoundland ... are away at Labrador, where Capt. ... ing and his Lieut. are doing their ... get souls saved, and look after the ... from the various corps. Nevertheless ... platform at the No. 1. barracks was

Crammed with Soldiers,

and the barracks well filled, and ... first meeting we felt sure that God ... going to make our visit a blessing. The ... was Adjt. Taylor, in his usual busy ... doing everything that was required ... done. Capt. Jennings, recently from Can... ada, looking as well as ever, and ... well saved: Adjt. Jones ... of his go-aheadism. He keeps things ... ly boiling. Major and Mrs. Scott ... gave the Brigadier and his wife a ... welcome to the Island. Captain Shea ... busy the next day settling with the Cus... tom House officer for the last lot of goods received, whilst we took train to

BRIGUS.

This is a beautiful little place, just the kind in which one feels he would like to be stationed. The people are very kind and friendly. They attend the meetings in large numbers, and pay the best of attention. We rejoiced over four souls coming out for Salvation. They were turned into preachers right straight off. Some of us thought they were not going to stop for some considerable length of time. Brigus will blossom abundantly. It is a splendid field for work. Our old friend Capt. S. Blackburn, had come over from Bay Roberts, to drive us over to his ... worthy corps. I need not say that he was as pleased to see us as we were to see him.

BAY ROBERTS

was reached at noon. Everything was well until five o'clock, when the mail arrived. What excitement a letter sometimes causes! This is Major and Mrs. Scott's turn. To the surprise of all the farewell orders came. Who would have thought it? The next night they farewelled at Bay Roberts, as there would not be time to again visit the corps. The days' meetings were of the usual lively style, and one soul came out for Salvation. Glory to God! A walk of nine miles brought us to

HARBOR GRACE,

just in time for dinner at Bro. Kennedy's and one advantage was that we were just in time to receive the good things provided. May God bless those who look after the temporal wants of His saints. Mrs. Jacobs and ... Scott arrived shortly after, being driven over from Bay Roberts by our worthy Capt. Blackburn. He would like to have remained, but had to hold the fort at Bay Roberts.

Three days at Harbor Grace. The meetings were good for crowds, but rather slack for souls. Still, five came out for Entire Sanctification, and I believe our visit was made a blessing to the soldiers and Christians. Capt. Yorke and Lieut. Watson are in charge. I noticed several very important changes. Instead of the little barracks, with hardly room to breathe in, called by some "the sweat box," we are in a large barracks, with accommodation for the crowds that wish to come to our meetings, with plenty of ventilation. Another noteworthy feature is that Capt. Yorke has the congregation divided up, men on one side and women on the other. It reminded me of what we read of the old-fashioned Methodists, when they divided their congregation in a similar way.

Brother and Sister Whitman made us very comfortable under their hospitable roof. It was here we met

The Rev. Mr. James

of the Methodist Church, Carbonear. We each gave our experience, how we got converted, how we got the Blessing of Entire Sanctification. Quite a class meeting. We were pleased to hear that Mr. James was converted through the preaching of our beloved General. No wonder he loves the S.A. Still, I have thought since, that the love of God shed abroad in the heart makes anyone love the S.A. For the present, we say adieu; we are off to Carbonear.

CAPT. KERR.

THREE VALIANT LASSIES

Fighting for the Souls of French-Canadians.

Captain Kerr.

Her life has been an uneventful one. A country place in New Brunswick was her birth-place, but when only ten years of age her parents left their Eastern home and came to live in Ottawa, Ont.

From earliest childhood, Ethel was taught to attend church and Sunday School, and she was very rarely absent from her place in the class. She tried in every way to do what was right, and was looked upon as a Christian for many years before she really was converted.

The first time she heard the Salvation Army was during

THE GENERAL'S VISIT TO TORONTO.

The meeting she was at was the farewell of the first eight officers for India, and the colors were presented to Captain (now Staff-Capt.) Mrs. Simco and the other French comrades who opened the French War in the Dominion, firing the first shot in Quebec. That meeting made a deep impression upon her, and although in darkness herself, her heart went out to those who were in the dense darkness of superstition, etc.

About a month after this, while in her own room, God spoke peace to her soul. Being brought up a Baptist, naturally her first desire after conversion was to join the church, and accordingly, she was immersed and enrolled as a member.

It was about five months after her first visit to the S.A. when she again went to their barracks. This time it was in Ottawa, and for about three months she was a regular attendant, when she became enrolled as a soldier. She fought in the corps here for about five months, and receiving a call for the French work, she

ENTERED THE FRENCH TRAINING HOME,

where, after eight months' training, she got orders for Quebec as Lieutenant with Capt. Butts. Here she fought for a long period, and then received orders for St. Jean, P.Q. From here she was compelled to go on a rest owing to weakness. After about ten months' resting, she was promoted and sent in charge of Montreal IV. This is really a hard, tough fight, but from past acquaintance with the Lord, she is confident of victory even in this hard fight, for God is her refuge and shelter in every time of trial.

Lieut. Morgan.

East Oro, a small place west of Orillia, was the birth-place of Ida Morgan. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and Ida was taught to be a faithful attendant at church and Sabbath School.

At the age of eleven years, her parents moved to Orillia, and it was here she first came in contact with the S.A. Strange reports about them made our comrade rather afraid to go to their meetings, but having a brother who got saved when the Army first started there, she watched his life, and was led to think these reports could not be true.

One evening, while in company with some companions coming home from class, they thought they would drop into the Army. So

THEY CAUTIOUSLY ENTERED

and remained standing at the back of the hall. On being asked to take a seat, they turned and walked out instead.

Some months after this, while on her way to Sabbath School, something seemed to impel her to go to the S.A., and the words that were spoken that afternoon sank deeply into her heart, and she went forward to the penitent-form. She soon realized that God had spoken peace to her soul, and ever since she has been a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After fighting as a soldier for two years and a half, she entered

THE YORKVILLE TRAINING HOME.

It was while in the T.H. that she settled the matter in her soul to be willing to work among the French if the Lord wanted her.

A short time after this, Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco visited Toronto on the hunt for candidates for the French work. Six of the Training Home girls were chosen, and our comrade was one of the number. Since then she has been doing what she could for the salvation of the French-Canadians. God has been leading and blessing her wonderfully, and after four years' service, she is more than ever satisfied with the Christ who has chosen her.

Lieut. England

was born in Chatham, N.B. Her parents were strict Presbyterians, and they tried to make their daughter understand it was her duty to attend church and Sabbath School as much as possible.

When only in her thirteenth year, she went to her first ball, and ever after, until her conversion, she had a passion for dancing, and would do almost anything to get to a party or ball. Often when forbidden by her father to go to these places, she would

STEAL AWAY UNKNOWN TO HIM,

and her poor mother, to try and shield her, would leave the door open, or else give her a key, so that she could get into the house without disturbing the rest when she would come home from these parties. Other worldly amusements were tried in turn, but they all left an aching void in her heart.

One Saturday evening she saw a crowd of people gathered around a large bill which had just been pasted up on a fence. Upon examining this bill, our comrade found it announced that the Salvation Army would open fire next day at 2:30 o'clock, and she determined to go and see what the S.A. was like.

SHE WAS RATHER SURPRISED

to find the S.A. consisted of one young man and three lassies, but she liked the meeting. She became a regular attendant, and a week from the opening found her at the penitent-form, where God pardoned her past sins.

Not being willing, however, to do the whole will of God, she backslid, and for three months fought against the strivings of the Spirit, until one night in a meeting, God took hold of her in such a way that she had to go to the penitent-form. She then told God that she was willing to do anything for Him if He would only set her free. Of course, God did set her free on these terms, and she at once became a soldier.

About a year after this,

HER HEART WAS TOUCHED

by reading Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco's appeal for officers for the French work, and crying "Oh, Lord, I know I am not much use in any place, but I want to go and help those girls in that French work," she wrote out her application and sent it to Commissioner Coombs.

Application forms were soon sent on to her to fill up, and shortly after that she got orders to farewell for Quebec, which she did on October 5th, 1887. Since that time she has proved God's grace to be sufficient under all circumstances. She loves the souls of the French-Canadians, and is determined to live for their salvation.

WANTED! WANTED!!

Out-and-out, fully-saved, devoted, ready-for-anything, ready-to-go-anywhere, live-suffer-or-die

Young Men,

who are anxious to spend their lives for God and the Salvation of souls, and who don't care about having any earthly reward for it. Must be thorough "Blood and Fire" Salvationists, ready to work, put up with hardship, or inconvenience, or travel

1,000 Miles

at the word of command for the Glory of God and the Salvation of souls.

TWICE RESCUED.

Two Wonderful Sketches in a Garrison Officer's Life.

BY PICKER.

I was a reckless, careless; well, though it is no honor, yet "tough" would be the best word to express the kind of a character I was.

Some time ago I heard of an old New Yorker, who said, on hearing that New York urchins had climbed the fence of the Brooklyn bridge, when only the cables and a narrow footpath had been stretched

across, and crossed from New York to Brooklyn at the risk of their lives so many hundred feet above the surface of the East river, "What wouldn't a New York boy dare do?" and from personal experience, I have proved it.

Being born and bred in that great metropolis, and let run around, I soon became accustomed to all tricks, games, evils, and all else. Nothing was too daring for me or the gang whom I associated with, to do. As a rule, in the large American cities, the toughs travel in gangs, who go by different names, such as the Whyos, the East Rivers, the Stars, etc.

On one occasion we had arranged a trip to Rockaway Beach, a watering place on Long Island, to enjoy ourselves in the usual way. A heavy surf rolls in at the Beach where there are bathing houses and suits for hire so we decided to bathe. I considered myself a good swimmer, so, after being warned, both by sign and verbally, to go out only a certain distance from shore, and not beyond the buoy as there was an under-tow. Two of us, in a spirit of "mind your own business," were not afraid of anything, so swam out to the buoy and back, and went out again, this time beyond the buoy. I was calm and enjoying myself, and then tried to return when

Suddenly I Felt a Sort of Suction,

and I tried my uttermost to swim towards shore. I struggled and struggled, but for every stroke I made toward land, I was carried two toward the sea. I was too bold and too much of a man to cry for help, so I turned and looked toward my chum and asked him to help me, and to my surprise, I found him, though an expert swimmer, in the same predicament. I felt all was lost, I must cry for help, so I shouted with all my might. My chums on land and near the shore thought I was

fooling and took no notice of me, but my cry grew so rapid and earnest that the life-guard pushed his "Catamaran," a boat used at life-saving stations, into the water and sprang into the seat and soon was riding the heavy surf toward us, as we were continually being carried out to sea. By the time he reached me,

I was Completely Exhausted,

and without a doubt, would have sunk very soon. We were towed ashore, and I skulked away realizing that I had been rescued from a watery grave.

* * *

As above stated, my life was one of recklessness. My father's words, "You will end your days on the gallows," often rang in my ears. Still I went in. To fight was my delight. The company I kept was of the worst kind. Drink was not my besetment. I'd gamble or fight any hour of the day or night whenever I was called upon. The crowd I associated with were noted "crooks" who would "crack a crib," "touch a man," "pinch a white one," (a silver watch), or a "red one," (a gold watch), at any time.

On one occasion I was out with one of the gang, and though I kept their company and knew lots of their jobs, yet I never was a thief. This particular night there were three of us, one "Shorty," one "Dutch money," and myself. We wended our way to the sporting fraternities neighborhood. It being Saturday night and after hours, we were ushered into the back room. We called for drinks, and while the bartender, a noted prize-fighter, went after the drinks, "Shorty" noticed in the room with us a man sitting on a chair with his head leaning on his breast in a drunken stupor. He wore a heavy watch and chain, and in about two minutes, as slick as could be, "Shorty" had the watch and chain. When about to leave the man, the bartender entered, and with a volume of oaths said, "I knew you were a crook, but I did not think you would go through a friend of mine," and after some hot words and an offer to

"Fight it Out."

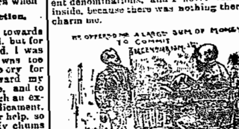
we left the place. When once on the outside, I realized it was a lucky escape. Had the bartender called in the police and had us arrested, nothing could have acquitted me from being an accessory to the crime. Conviction and a term in the C—— penitentiary would have been the result.

On another occasion a business man, a man of money, thought I had got so low that I would do almost anything, and sent for me, and after promising him I would tell no one, he offered me a large sum of money to commit incendiarism. I knew it was a

crime, next to murder, and to which capital punishment could be meted out, so I shuddered at the thought, and though hard up for "funds" still I refused.

My religion was, "Make the best of life while it lasts." I neither cared for God, Heaven nor hell. I used to say, "When we die we'll get six feet of earth, and some of us will be lucky if we get that."

In my ramblings to and fro, I passed thousands of houses of worship of different denominations, and I never ventured inside, because there was nothing there to charm me.



Shortly after, I was in a Canadian city, where I saw the Army, both in the open-air and in their barracks.

Their Peculiarities Attracted Me.

I heard of Jesus' love. I was brought face to face with my sins, with God, with judgment. I began to think and soon after I cried at the Army penitent-form for mercy, and the God whom I hated saved me from my sins. It is now some years ago, and I have fought as a soldier, bandsman, and officer, and now God has seen fit to place me in a position where I can do something to assist in training lads for the Field, to war against sin and the devil and work for the salvation of the same kind of people that I once belonged to.

My prayer is that I may ever be true to God and the Bridge that carried me across.

I. JOHN II. 15-16.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world,

The Lust of the Flesh,"

(Gluttony, whoredom, drunkenness, opium, tobacco, snuff, novels, gambling, dancing, progressive euchre, and all so-called harmless (?) amusements.)

And the Lust of the Eyes,

(Theatre, horse-race, circus, menageria, and shows of all kinds).

And the Pride of Life,

(Fashion, gay clothing, personal ornaments, house decoration, fashionable and expensive furniture, public esteem, aristocratic society, and popular religion) is not of the Father, but is of the world.

prisoner. After this he shipped aboard the "Navarin," which was bound for the Crimea, and on arrival, the men had to go on shore to fight.

Charlie Wanted to Go

with them, but the commanding officer refused on account of his youth. However, he received permission to join his company two days after. He stayed there for twenty-one months, fought in a good many battles, and was present at the taking of Sebastopol, when the defeated Russians, while retreating, burnt all their vessels and set fire to their towns. Charlie's company was one of the three that remained behind to get the guns, and put things in order. Nothing delighted him more than to be in the very thickest of the fight, with bullets whizzing all round him. Returning to France, he went to Toulon, and got aboard a transport steamer, which had to convey back to their native land the French soldiers who had been fighting in Algiers, Africa. Most of these, owing to the severity of the climate and the hardships of war, had caught the yellow fever. While the vessel was on its way back several of them were found dead in their hammocks every day, and their bodies had to be thrown overboard as quickly as possible. These sad sights steadied him down somewhat, and he was reckoned a good boy while he was on that ship, but directly he reached Brest he went wrong again, and was put in jail for running away. On being brought before the commandant, in reply to the question as to why he was so bad, he said that he

Wanted to go to Africa.

"You will not go there—you will die in a cell first," was all the encouragement he got, so, being too bad to stay ashore, he was sent, for punishment, on another war frigate, which had five or six hundred soldiers aboard. Determined not to stay, he ran away from that vessel one night, and served a month in jail for the offence; but three days after he left, she went to sea, was wrecked, and all hands were lost. Thus God mercifully spared his life.

For fifteen months he stayed in the barracks at Brest, during which time he was nearly always in the lockup for drinking and fighting. In 1859 he was discharged from the service, and after spending two or three weeks at home with his friends, he shipped aboard a sailing vessel which was going to Rio de Janeiro. He caught the yellow fever on that trip, and when the vessel reached its destination, was kept in the hospital until his recovery. His next vessel was engaged in carrying ammunition from New York to the French troops, for use in the Franco-Prussian war, being fought at that time.

When the war was over he signed articles for five years' service on board the "Isabella," and went with it to the Patagonian Islands to kill penguins for the manufacture of oil.

An Accident Occurred

on his first passage in this vessel, by which the first mate fell overboard. Charlie, with another man, jumped in a boat to save him, but the sea was so rough that they not only failed to save the man, but lost their own boat and nearly their lives. By grasping the "cudding" on the side of the ship, Charlie managed to pull himself on deck again, and on turning round to see if his mate was all right, he found that he had saved himself by hanging to the bowsprit. Charlie was duly installed as first mate in place of the man who was lost, and when the ship reached Patagonia the captain stayed on the island, and he took charge of the ship for the return journey to Monte Video, with the understanding that he was to come back with the vessel to Patagonia, and carry provisions to the men staying behind, but when they reached Monte Video, he and the eleven men who comprised the crew, left the ship. Seeing the American flag flying, they knew that they were free.

Charlie's next vessel was an English one, and nobody on board could speak French besides himself and the captain. However, between these two there naturally sprang up a great friendship, which was by no means diminished by the kind manner in which the Captain assisted Charlie in his endeavors to learn English. The vessel was bound for San Francisco.

On their way back they were wrecked two degrees west of Cape Horn. While struggling in the water Charlie fortunately happened to lay hold of a rude craft, and on this remained all night. Next morning he was picked up by a ship called the "Sunderland," and conveyed to Valparaiso. Here the authorities treated him with the utmost kindness. The English Consul put him into a hotel, one person gave him a suit of clothes, and another (an English captain) provided him with a pair of boots, and a third, an oil skin.

The "Hawkeye" was the name of the vessel on which he returned to France. Its captain was a violent-tempered man, and Charlie was the only one on board with whom he did not fight. He, for his part, had made up his mind that it would not be worth his while for the skipper to come at him. Says he, "When he came to me in the cabin I got hold of a belaying-pin and threatened to kill him. Then he walked up and down on the top of the poop, with his revolver ready to shoot me. I was working on deck, fore and aft, but I kept the belaying-pin ready for action."

The captain was, moreover, a

Terrible Wife-beater.

His wife gave Charlie a blanket one day because it was so cold, and on seeing this in his hammock, the irate man went and gave her a thrashing. Charlie had made up his mind to "pull" him when the ship reached its destination, but, possibly in anticipation of his intention, when pay-time came he gave him $50 more than his proper money, because, as he said, he was such a good sailor; but Charlie was glad to leave the ship. Three days after leaving port on his next voyage that captain was murdered by his own crew.

Coming to London, Charlie shipped aboard the "Wimmera," for Melbourne, with the idea of returning to London; but while at sea he altered his mind, and asked the captain to put him ashore in Australia. The captain, on the other hand, did not want him to leave the ship, but asked him to stay aboard and go on with it from Melbourne to Geelong. This he consented to do, but when he had put the last bale of goods aboard at Geelong, he went to the captain and asked to be paid off and be set free. On that gentleman remonstrating with him in a quiet, kindly way, he became very savage, pulled his beard and shook him about terribly. This man must have been rather meeker than the majority of sea-captains. Instead of punishing him for his wrong-doing, he actually gave Charlie the chance to sleep on the ship until she was ready to go back to Melbourne.

After a trip to various Asiatic ports, he returned to this country and went, as fireman, aboard a river steamer at Echuca. This was followed by a job on land, up in the bush, about fifty miles from Deniliquin. He worked very hard making wire fences on a sheep station, his chief duty being to fell trees and make the posts. The station was eight miles from where he was working, and when pay-time came round his mate said to him,

"You go and Finish that Gate,

while I go to the station and take the money." Poor Charlie waited for him in the hut, but no mate turned up that night. Next morning, finding that he did not come, he went to the station, only to discover that he had cleared out with all the money. Charlie proceeded to Deniliquin, and found that he had passed through there on his way to Melbourne. Afterwards he heard that for stealing two horses he got five years' imprisonment, and he has never seen him from that day to this.

It is extremely awkward for a man, after doing a week or two's "hard graft," to find himself done out of his money; so poor Charlie found it. He sold some of his clothes for $7, came to Melbourne, and during the short time that he stayed in the notorious neighborhoods of Little Bourke and Little Lonsdale Streets, he lived a life of poverty and immorality. At length the detectives gave him warning that he was on their black books, and so had better clear out and go up country. He wisely took their tip, and got work at Castrella's vineyard, on the Lilydale road. Here his impulsive, pugnacious and drinking habits soon won for him an unenviable notoriety.

One day, with a companion, he went down to Yarra Flats for a spree, and had one, with a vengeance. After drinking hard, till a late hour, at the only saloon there was in the township, the cellarman and he started for home. On their way they had to cross a river on a plank. The cellarman was nearly dead drunk, so Charlie carried him on his back till he got about the middle, and then, falling off, they both found themselves struggling in the stream for dear life. The other chap clutched hold of Charlie by the neck, and nearly drowned him. He returned to Yarra Flats by himself, and, being drunk, slept all night under a huge willow tree, which had been planted on a spot where three men had been buried.

One day, while on the road to Lilydale, a trooper on horseback passed him. He, without a moment's thought, caught hold of the horse's tail and gave it a twist, which made the animal rear and plunge and knock the man off.

Returning to Melbourne once more, he continued his career of drinking and fighting. One day, after imbibing rather more than usual, he called a cabman and asked him to drive him to Collingwood. He offered him half-a-dollar, but without success; so he pulled him off the box, and mounted the box himself. The cabman took hold of the horse's head, so that he should not move, and while they were in the midst of the quarrel two policemen came up and tried to get Charlie away; but he, Frenchman-like, fought them both. Presently some five or six of them came up, and he, in his drunken frenzy, thought that he was engaged in actual warfare, and the cab was the fortification which he was defending. He pulled nearly everything off to fight them; but when the policeman got him in the cell that night, he gave him a good thrashing to make up for it.

Now comes the bright side of the story; without this part it might well remain untold.

When Charlie saw and heard Colonel Barker, on Collingwood Flat, eight years ago, he was soon convinced of his sins. The Army made use of Dr. Singleton's old building at that time, and while he was looking through the door, drunk, the Spirit of God took hold of him, and made him shake from head to foot. He went to the penitent-form there, and though drunk when he knelt down, he was sober and saved when he rose up—he didn't feel the same man at all. He had been smoking and chewing for twenty-eight years, and could eat tobacco like anybody else would eat bread. When he rose from his knees, all the desire for this was gone. He had lost all relish for drinking, swearing, smoking, and chewing, altogether, and although before conversion, he had been twenty-four times in gaol, he realizes that Jesus has pardoned his sins and made him gloriously free. In this case, indeed, the lion has been turned into a lamb.

MILK AND HONEY, in *"Full Salvation."*

BY WARRIOR.

That special CRY.

Personally, I trust it gave satisfaction all round.

Don't pass over the note to intending candidates, on another page.

A sketch of the life of Mrs. Adjt. Smith (Capt. Grace Hill) will appear next week.

Pray that God will give to D.O. McIntyre sweeping victories during the coming winter in Newfoundland.

In last week's *Gazette*, Lieut. DeCain should have read *"LeCain."*

D. O. McIntyre and Staff-Capt. Bolton will contribute to next week's CRY.

In a recent meeting at Hamilton, Mrs. Philpott gave a very interesting, though short, account of her life before conversion, also her conversion, how she could not sit still in a meeting, but found herself on her feet telling how miserable she was. She got saved in that meeting.

Illustrated lives of Brothers Cozens and Patten will appear in our next issue.

Read the General's letter to Mrs. Spurgeon in this CRY, and pray for the great preacher in his illness.

The Editor recently led the memorial service of Lieut. Curlew at Arthur Street. During the meeting, a backslider from the Lippincott corps got so convicted that he left the building went to the Lippincott barracks, and got blessedly saved.

Captain and Mrs. Ham have lost one of their children. Pray for them in their bereavement.

At one of Major Calhoun's Sunday night meetings in Ottawa, a young man got converted. On the next Wednesday night, he brought his wife and three brothers, who knelt side by side at the Cross.

The officers at Labrador have a Hallelujah schooner with the S. A. flag flying at the mast-head.

Seven souls at Toronto II. on Sunday night, Sept. 6th. Hallelujah!

I understand that the soldiers of Nanaimo have contributed nearly $800 towards a new barracks already.

A little baby-boy was added to the family flock of Commissioner Rees a week or two ago. Mrs. Rees and children will proceed to Toronto, all being well, about the 19th of September, accompanied by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Acum.—*English Cry, Aug. 29th, '91.*

Bro. Ackford, of London, Ont., keeps the WAR CRY on his market stall, as well as other pamphlets. God bless our one-armed brother.

God is still richly blessing the Western tour of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Sinco.

D.O. Beatty has had a good welcome to the Chatham Division.

The September number of the *Deliverer* contains a good portrait of Staff-Captain B. B. Cox. Watch the Canadian CRY.

Capt. and Mrs. Gale, of Newmarket, are rejoicing over the advent of a little boy warrior.

Capt. Yorke, of Harbor Grace, divides his congregation—men on one side the barracks, women on the other.

Ensign Logan evidently means to keep his Canadian comrades supplied with accounts of his travels.

Brigadier and Mrs. Philpott had a good welcome at Hamilton.

A morphine victim has been saved recently at Vancouver, B. C.

Major Morris' recent tour through British Columbia was a most successful one.

Read "Bereavements," in this issue.

Salvationists in uniform [illegible] half-fares on the street-cars in Kimberley, Africa, during the General's visit.

"The Army is very aggressive these days, and recruits are being added daily."—*Peterboro' Daily Examiner.*

Ten souls knelt at the Cross recently in the Ottawa barracks. This was a good start for Major Calhoun's new Divisional duties.

Captains Massecar and Hayes had a good send-off from the Temple on Saturday, Sept. 5th. "War! Victory!! Glory!!!" were the words which were shouted at their departure from the Temple door. Ere this they have reached the great North-West. May God bless their future efforts.

An account of the wonderful healing of Mrs. Paul, of Oshawa, will appear in our next issue.

I understand that Mrs. Capt. Werry and her little boy have been unwell of late. Pray that God will strengthen them.

JESUS ONLY.

Jesus by my side
Is ever my guide.
Jesus behind
Sweet comfort I find.
If Jesus is near
I've nothing to fear.
Jesus within
Keeps me from sin.
Jesus without
Drives away doubt.
Jesus around,
My peace is profound.
Jesus above
Fills me with love.
Jesus below
No sorrow I know
Jesus before
Opens the door.
Jesus is my hope, my joy, my delight,
'Tis He who has turned my darkness to light.

FRESH FOREIGN NEWS.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has decided to immediately extend the Nursing Work which she has for some time been organizing.

Half-nights of prayer were held throughout Africa, previous to the General's arrival, to pray for special blessing upon his journeyings and meetings. The same arrangement is being carried out in Australia.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Booth-Tucker have made favorable progress towards recovery, and are hoping soon to resume their places at the front. The two little twin-cousins are doing well.

Some of the largest and finest buildings in America have been secured for the Marechale's meetings, and it is expected that she will be able to commence her campaign in the Tremont Temple, Boston. According to present arrangements, the Marechale will be accompanied by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Peyron, jun.

In Melbourne, Australia, the most serious floods known for nearly thirty years have just been experienced. The Men's Training Home, with quarters for the Commissioner and Chief Secretary, had four feet of water in the lower rooms, while the quarters of some staff-officers in the same vicinity had water nearly to the ceiling, the inmates having to be got away in boats.

The facts in connection with the death of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Morgan are most distressing.

We learn that Staff-Capt. Morgan had gone off to review the native work at Umvoti. On the following day, Mrs. Morgan was going about her work as usual, when, feeling a little faint, she sent for the wife of one of our Lieutenants, who lived in the next house. She came at once, but only to find that Mrs. Morgan's spirit had gone. She was a faithful warrior, and is now reaping her reward.

After taking part in the General's welcome to Australia, Col. McKie and his musical A.D.C., Staff-Capt. Plant, sail from Auckland, on October 10th, for San Francisco. Arrangements are already in hand for an extensive tour for them in the United States.

Major Whatmore is battling along bravely in Northern Italy. He wishes us to announce that he very much needs officers, and all who are willing to give themselves up for the salvation of Italy are requested to write us without delay. Those with a knowledge of the Italian language are, of course, very much preferred.

Ensign Beddall, who became an officer in Australia, and returned to England with Commissioner Howard, has gone to Heaven. He recently filled the position of Senior Secretary in Ireland. He was only ill eight or nine days.

Commissioner Railton has had a very successful tour through Germany.

Major and Mrs. Fry, from France, are resting in England.

Major Haartman and Staff-Capt. Dixon recently paid a special visit to every corps in Finland.

OMEMEE ON FIRE!

Notes About the Great Conflagration.

At 10.30 o'clock last night, just as we got nicely settled for the night, someone came knocking at our door yelling "Fire! Fire!" Quickly I got to the gate to see the heading of this being fully demonstrated in a fury, with the wind bent on helping it all it could seemingly.

"In such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh. Be ye ready."

A young lady was afraid to jump from a second story window, with two strong arms below. A seat was put up to her to slide down upon; but instead, she put her feet on the end of it, and, of course, as soon as she got her length, the foundation went from under her, and there she hung till she dropped.

So it will be if we are not on the Solid Rock, Christ Jesus. When our own foundation is gone, we shall drop into

The Eternal Abyss.

I heard a man say he was offered $3,000 for his place last night, and now he was not worth thirty cents.

We cannot tell what an hour will bring forth. "In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withered.—Psa. xc, 6."

A man said he thought he could stand the fire of hell after this fire here.

In hell, "there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

I heard some young men who could use lots of words, and swear, oh! and ——— well, the Bible says, "A fool is known by a multitude of words." A wise man and a man of understanding will not swear. Swear not at all.

I saw young women who were a credit to Omemee. They did not talk much, only after the meeting, nor swear, but they worked, and I am sure a great deal more damage would have been done had it not been for the noble and heroic efforts they put forth to save all they could.

What wonderful achievements some women have wrought for God, and I fancy I see thousands of souls standing up on the Judgment morning and pointing to some woman and saying "Her untiring efforts saved my soul." Oh, for more of such daring and self-sacrificing women for God, as I saw at the fire! One nice young ladies, rise up to your privileges.

A great many of our dear old WAR CRY friends and regular customers, have lost valuable property, and some nearly all they possessed.

Oh! what priceless worth the soul is. See to it that you escape the eternal fire which will destroy both soul and body in hell.

The officers of the Army here did all they could to help save the stuff and property that was in danger. They are doing all they can to pull souls from the reach of the Eternal Fire. HENRY HAVELOCK.

HOLINESS:

FIFTY DEFINITIONS.

BY MAJOR GOVER.

1. *It is the revelation of God's mind and will to man.*—Various teachings narrow the compass of His revelation to the peculiar tenets they represent. God's great proclamation to the world is, "Be ye holy as I am holy."

2. *It is the glory of God in man on earth.*—Far more than riches, knowledge, or many excellencies is that God-made-known-in-the-soul assurance of divine aid always.

3. *It is the expression of His power to save to the uttermost.*—No mere sentimental approval of holiness theories, but rather a daily display of accomplished deliverance.

4. *It is the seal of divine approval of Christ's triumphs on Calvary.*—As He triumphed over all on the Cross, so may we because of that Cross.

5.—*It is the perfecting of His will in us.*—There may be higher perfections to be known hereafter; perfecting in holiness is the zenith of earth's meridian.

6. *It is the completion of His purpose for man in his present estate.*—That we be holy men and women—not as angels or celestials, but, as at present existing, rendering holy service to Him continually.

7. *It is the harmony of human discord with divine peace.*—The ceasing hush of the soul and its attributes from all strife with His will—the merging of twain into one spirit and one nature.

8. *It is the attesting tribute of the redeemed to Christ's resurrection.*—Each holy heart is a witness that Christ rose from the dead. That He has risen from the grave, a myriad voices, as of many waters, bear witness this day.

9. *It is the one absolute condition in which men see God.*—Man's inability to see God is due to sin. It obscures the soul's vision, perverts the mind's judgment, makes conscience inert, destroys the moral balance. Only the holy see God.

10. *It is the one condition in which men are acceptable to God.*—Not by one act, or one prayer, or one tear, or one consecration, are men made acceptable to God, but by patient continuance in well-doing. Holiness is a state, not an isolated action.

11. *It is the birth and life-fruit of His travail.*—This is the yearning cry of all His anguished spirit, this the only heart-hope that upheld Him in death's agony, this the meaning of the opened door of the tomb.

12. *It is the highest possible glory of man on earth.*—That poor, sin-shattered humanity should be recovered were a marvel. That it should be restored is marvellous, that it should be rectified and redeemed is more marvellous still.

13. *It is the divinizing of every redeemed faculty.*—Had the soul alone been saved, great would be His praises; but He undertook to save body, soul and spirit out of all its enemies. Possessing all in purity and grace.

14. *It is the Christ's possessment of man's nature.*—Not that we may companion or commune with angels, but for His own praise and glory did He thus pray. "That they all may be one even as We are one."

15. *It is man's possessment of Christ's nature.*—The negative work is that of pardon and preparation, the positive that of reception and possession. Blessed thought, He gives Himself to me as well as He gave Himself for me.

16. *It is God in man, and man in God.*—Sublime mystery.

17. *It is divine light and grace in human nature.*—To save, not to destroy, has He come. Human nature saved and sweetened by light and grace divine becomes very beautiful to earth and heaven.

18. *It is human nature flooded with divine grace and light.* — Here is the triumph of holiness, that it is all-sufficient, strong, deep, all-pervading.

19. *It is divine love humanly expressed.*—The child's reading of the Father's heart. The creature's finite response to the apprehension of eternal love.

20. *It is human nature possessed and governed by divine love.*—Subduing all to its service, holding all its possibilities safe and secure against all temptation.

21. *It is full deliverance from sin's dominion.*—Sin's rule must cease—must die. Where sin is, holiness cannot be. Holiness begins when sin ceases.

22. *It is the destruction of sin-life as a principle.*—Repression is not destruction. Suspended sin does not imply or ensure holiness. Sin is a principle as well as an act—both must be destroyed entirely.

23. *It is the entire, whole surrender of body, soul and spirit to God.*—Incomplete or half-hearted surrender explains many failures. Victorious holiness is the result of whole-heartedness in surrendering all to God. Try it.

24. *It is the responsive act and power of God to that surrender.*—Just that fire-answering touch, or the still small voice that begets in the soul its mighty future of power. Sin dies at its touch, weakness becomes strength, love triumphs.

25. *It is active evidence of God's presence in the soul.*—Holiness is emphatic and definite. God in His heavens may satisfy the nominal believer. His welcome reign in the heart is the privilege of all.

26. *It is harmony between body and soul to obey God.*—The stock argument of anti-holiness people has been based on Romans vii., misreading, with perverted judgment, a conflict, usually preceding holy calm.

27. *It is the willing service of the body to the soul's dictates.*—This is a glorious truth, that in holiness strife is heard no more—human nature, delivered from the cursed power of sin and possessed in love, becomes a willing servant.

28. *It is the possession of the soul by the power of righteousness.* — A sin-possessed soul is the prelude to hell; a soul held in righteousness is heaven begun.

29. *It is the power of the Spirit permeating all our members.*—Not merely one, several, or many, but all; it is the triumph of holiness that all sin's batteries are assaulted and taken, and that every member becomes an instrument of righteousness.

30. *It is the destruction of disposing selfishness in the flesh.*—Undoubtedly, this is the most subtle form of evil to be dealt with, but is fully comprehended in the plan of the soul's sanctification.

31. *It is the hush of rebellious strife between the flesh and spirit.*—The spirit of man has to be reckoned with as well as the voices of body and soul. Holiness has peace-breathings between these stout antagonists—one union, holding each in love.

32. *It is removal of moral inability in the mind or spirit.*—The unableness or unwillingness to value or desire or develop purity of heart and life ceases where holiness begins.

33. *It is the quickening of conscience by divine sensibility.*—Marvellous is the flood of light poured in; marvellous the action of conscience in appropriating truths of import and help to the soul life.

34. *It is the enthronement and reign of Christ's Spirit in the conscience.*—Not a selfish, eccentric domination, merely resultant in oddities of tenet or faddism, but the exaltation of Christ's mind and Spirit with free action always.

35. *It is the enlisting of the body in the service of the conscience.*—The end of lamentation that the body is an unconquerable rebel bent on violence to conscience's higher laws. Here the flesh is conquered, and begins a new life under new government.

36. *It is the removal of the will's wilfulness.*—Unless the evil here is rectified there is little hope. An impotent or perverted will is the devil's playground. The wickedness of the will may be destroyed, leaving the will intact.

37. *It is harmony of the will to divine plan and purpose.*—Governed by sin, the will becomes wholly an instrument of unrighteousness in active opposition to God; here it is naturalized to goodness and doeth His Will cheerfully.

38. *It is the enrolment of the will as the executive of the conscience.*—Conscience discerns and decrees; the will, potent and active, performs the duty of giving practical expression to that of which the conscience approves.

39. *It is the will's willingness to work righteousness always.*—No controversy, debate or contention; by holy principle made strong. There are now no yearnings for aught that tendeth to unrighteousness.

40. *It is the purging of the mind from impure tendencies.* The remedy of erratic thought, the possession of which begets paralysis of will, the sure precursor of fall.

41. *It is the re-creation of the spirit of the mind.*—A new nature with new implantings, discarding the old root and branch. With new government begins and continues a new life.

42. *It is the mind's constant possession by the Spirit of Jesus.*—As differing from the spirit of selfishness, it is now constantly held by the power of love and predisposed to act always as Jesus acted.

43. *It is the mind's energy, God-possessed and kept.*—Not merely passive and pliant, but consciously active by divine possession, and thus always preserved.

44. *It is the unification of body, soul and spirit in love and works.*—The blending or agreement of each in purity of action.

45. *It is human assent to divine consent.*—Made possible by the removal of the opposing principle, made quick by holy fire, there is the readiest approval of all bearing the divine permit.

46. *It is the response of the redeemed to the Redeemer.*—The praise-cry of human life in its deliverance from sin to purity and freedom through the blood of Jesus Christ.

47. *It is the visible reading of the Spirit's presence in the world.*—Far more than oral preachments, or letter evidences, is the voice-power of holy action, thus declaring the Author-presence of all goodness and truth.

48. *It is the spirit and nature of divine heirship.*—To see Him we must be like Him. The pure only see or know God. Then the earnest of sonship must be found in oneness of spirit and nature.

49. *It is the character, pathway, assurance and earnest of heaven.*—Reconciled to the nature of God, preserved in the ways of righteousness, assured by the Spirit's witness. The promise is that as He overcame, so shall we. By His power and grace we follow on.

50. *It is the triumph of righteousness on earth and the assurance of everlasting holiness.*—Kept holy here, midst fiery dart and rife temptation. The purer climes of heaven will be congenial to spirits fire-tried and proven, eternity ripening every ransomed beauty into the very purity of God Himself.

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PROMOTION TO GLORY

Of Capt. Unni Moss.

"Millions there are safely landed,
Over on the shining shore."

Hitherto our brother has belonged to the "millions more" that are "on their journey," but now he has safely crossed the flood, reaching the presence chamber of the great God.

How did he live?

As a man who reckons that the time is short, and that he must redeem the precious moments of it.

How did he die?

As a man who has "fought a good fight," and is not ashamed to render in his account before the Throne.

Unni Moss was an officer of some years' standing, a man who applied for the work because he had heard the cry for help, and felt he dare not hear in vain. He had read the WAR CRY, having his soul stirred within him at the accounts of the needs of the war everywhere, and the call for volunteers. "Why should not I go?" he asked himself. Would that many more would ask their own hearts just that question, not seeking to pacify the inner consciousness of duty by compromising with their God! There's many a life wrecked and a death made terrible by the rebellion of a moment! The bitterness of such a moment must last through all eternity.

But not so with Capt. Moss; he heard the call and answered.

He was an Englishman by birth, whose parents had emigrated to Canada while he was still a lad. His was a godly home, but his heart remained unchanged until, in a Methodist revival meeting, he first felt the distinct and powerful workings of the convicting Spirit of God. The main purpose of his presence in that house of God had been the

Keen Expectation of Fun

to be derived from such a service; the great passion that shortly after possessed his heart was a burning desire to be right with his Creator, and be made a child of the Kingdom. For this he knelt publicly at the altar rails, realizing the forgiveness of sin and the change of heart that Salvationists so delight to talk about—he was saved.

Of course, when the Army came across Moss' pathway, he liked them so much that he "couldn't stay away," and became a good soldier in the ranks, until again God called him to a larger sphere.

When writing afterwards to Commissioner Coombs as a candidate for the work, he says, "I want to give my time, my life, *my all*, to save the lost." No wonder God used him in the Salvation of souls. He would use many more if, in the same spirit of consecration, they would surrender themselves unto His service, without the reservation which has so cursed the Church of God everywhere in the past.

Oh, for men and women who should rise to

Serve, Fight, Lose, Suffer, Die,

that the Kingdom of Heaven might go forward and dying souls be saved! Do we pick and choose our work? Do we murmur at the way we are led, turning with hungry eyes back to the Egypt we have left? There is no victory for us, then—never, till we have sunk completely out of self into Christ.

All our departed comrade's good deeds we cannot chronicle down here; they are safely recorded in the Land where "works do follow." His was a devoted life, however, leading on to a triumphant death. Though at the last an agony of pain would seize him, and the waters of Jordan would roughly wash around his feet, there was no sign of fear; he only declared that if the Lord saw fit to raise him up again, he would seek out the battle's front once more. As

A Parting Testimony,

before the gates on the other side opened to receive him, he exclaimed, "*The way is clear. There may be a struggle at the end, but the way is clear!*" Later on, when a paroxysm of pain seized him, he cried to the doctor, "*Talk of death-bed repentance! I would not repent now. How I do thank God I am saved!*"

And so our brother went to glory. There were no bands in his death, because there were no regrets about his life.

He died in the States, whither he had gone to seek health, if so the Lord willed. We have not, even thus briefly, put our brother's life into the WAR CRY merely because we wanted to do honor to the dead; we remember the living, and that is why we write. Perhaps, reader, you are inclined to lay aside this part of the paper as a gloomy one. You need not. There is

No Gloom in Death,

when the Blood of Jesus Christ has made clean the heart. If that is not done, then life will be gloomy as well as death, and there can be no lasting joy in your heart. We Salvationists speak plain words about the things which pertain unto eternity; we dare do nothing else; one time we knew no more about the "joy of knowing Jesus," than perhaps you do; we better loved our dancings, our frolics, our pleasures, ourselves, but we were blind and did not know; then we came to Jesus, having had revealed unto our sin-sick hearts the hollowness of the world's gifts, and the folly of a life spent in its service. We find it GOOD to serve the Lord, just as good in life as we are assured it will be when our feet get into the valley of the great shadow, and methinks there won't be much of the shadow about while Jesus lights it with His presence.

Staff-Capt. B. B. Cox.

CAPTAIN UNNI MOSS.

SHE IS VERY LOW.

Lieut. Whitteker's father writes the following letter to the Editor:—

EDITOR WAR CRY.—I send you a song composed by my daughter just before she was taken to bed, and send it at her request. She is very weak yet, but a little better than last week. She seems well at heart and well in soul, cheerful and happy, but has no use of her body, and seems to have lost all muscular power, and can only sit up a few minutes at a time. I have taken her to Jesus and left her in His hands, knowing that "He doeth *all* things well." Pray for us in this our affliction, that we may endure to the end. My experience is now that I find Jesus an all-sufficient Help and Comforter, in Whom I have full confidence. Yours, fighting,

A. A. WHITTEKER, Auxiliary.

HOLINESS.

CONVERSATION.

BY MAJOR ALBERT OSBORN.

Is it not a fact that the conversation which some professors indulge in gives a flat denial to their profession even of conversion, and oftimes

A Shameful Contradiction

to the profession of a clean heart?

I have met with many who have shared with me the sad feelings of grief and shame over the conversation of those who have verily been a stumbling-block, until it has made one wonder sometimes,

Is There Any Holiness at All?

after hearing the empty twaddle of some professors of it—nay, I say still more, after hearing the positive, sensual and sinful talk of some whose very words become a frightful hindrance to spirituality in those around them.

The memory of a conversation carried on by a much older convert than myself about nine years ago at our tea-table will never leave me, and although he professed a clean heart, it positively staggered the thoughts and soul-saving desires of myself and Lieutenant in a terrible manner, but the terrible sequel followed. That man

Made a Fearful Shipwreck

six months afterwards.

But to be short and plain. Two men were travelling over a rugged pathway once, sometimes over sandy hillocks and rocky barriers, but all the time engaged in a deep and earnest conversation; the glances they gave one another showed that the subject was an intense one, so intense they did not notice a third party draw near until they heard his voice startle them with these words,

"What Manner of Communications are These That ye Have by the Way?"

Thank God, they were able to turn round and give a satisfactory reply, but you, if asked the same about what you said, after that last meeting, about the Captain, or that fellow warrior, or that talk at the ten-table, or that little secret you had to tell, or that gossip in the train, where so many characters of others have been damned, what would you say?

Remember There is a Third Party

always listening.

A frequent sign of a backslidden heart is too much talk. An empty barrel makes the most noise. "Oh, but I must talk, I don't like people to think me so solemn," you say. Indeed, but is it not better to be misunderstood than be condemned over your empty talk, and blight other peoples' souls with your nonsense? When there's a frost on your mouth there's generally a thaw on your mind, and a thinking man generally does more real work in his lifetime than one whose chief characteristic is empty talk. I am sure it pleases God if when you have nothing business-like, pure and good to talk of, then you

Hold Your Noise.

Don't you know God complained of those who professed to be His servants and leaders because they

"Caused People to Err by Their Lightness,"

(Jer. xxiii. 32), so if you are a recognized leader of others, beware!

Where do we find any authority for believing that it is a sign of grace and ability when a man can handle eternal realities in a most foolish and flippant manner? So much so that his conversation (and so-called prayer) at times repel one's soul and mind so as to completely shut out all possibility for anyone with a clean heart taking part in the same. Do we not read that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh?" Very well, then, judging by this principle laid down by Him Who

"Spake as Never Man Spake,"

one is bound to conclude from the conversation of some professors of holiness that their "abundance" of the heart, according to the fruits of their mouth, is foolery, emptiness, envy, bad temper, and jealousy, for, after all, that which is uppermost in a man's heart will jump out of his mouth.

However, let us take the conclusion of the whole matter. A few simple rules are laid down for us in the Book. We are told to "have sound speech which cannot be condemned," and to "use great plainness of speech," and when speaking of others, which it is necessary to do some times, then "speak the

Truth in Love,"

and "let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt," and the Apostle caps it all by saying, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

Comrade, if you say you have a clean heart you must live up to this, and when you are gone into eternity, you will be amongst those who

"Being Dead yet Speaketh,"

but if you do not live up to it, don't conclude or say you possess a clean heart, because you do not.

THE 30,000.

This is our goal. This is what we are aiming at. This is the weekly circulation our hearts pant after. Shall we reach it? Decidedly we shall if D.O's., F.O's., and the rank-and-file do their duty valiantly.

Our present figure is about 22,000 so that we must add another 8,000. There is quite a time between this and Christmas, and "what doth hinder" our reaching this mark by Christmas Day, 1891? Surely 8,000 is not a big number among 314 corps and outposts. It means about 22 additional WAR CRYS taken by each.

We thank God for the signs of the times. Oh! if we can only create interest in the matter, the 30,000 will soon be an accomplished fact. Our Eastern comrades mean to help. The Western warriors are ... for the fray. Ontario and Quebec officers, soldiers, and friends will do their share, and thus our circulation will soon rise to 30,000 weekly.

Now that the divisions have been re-arranged, each D.O. will have far greater scope and opportunity to rush forward on new lines in order to push the CRY. Divisions will vie with each other. Station will fight station. WAR CRY sellers will do battle, and all round we shall see a general move towards the goal of victory—30,000. God grant it.

Of course by the time our readers look through these notes, many of them will be aware of the fact that "Quiz" has taken "Pry's" place in the Competition Notes. We can reckon that his quizzing and noting will do much to the increased circulation of both the CRY and *Young Soldier*. Pray for "Quiz," and don't forget "Pry," who will see that the *Young Soldier* Notes are attended to weekly.

Naturally last week's special CRY had a good show, and the List was increased very materially, nearly fourteen hundred additional copies having been sent out. Now, why should not these additional increased orders be kept up?

Each officer will wish to have a finger in the pie, and now is the time for every Field Officer to make a stir and a move, so as to accomplish something great. The Commissioner will watch this contest with great interest, and note all advances on this line.

We are very anxious to publish week by week the life-sketches and portraits of our most successful CRY sellers. Will all those who sell over 100 weekly give their names to the Captain, and ask him to send it *at once* to the Editor, Albert Street, Toronto. We think it nothing but proper that the Canadian Field at large should be thus benefitted by the experience of others.

"It has often been a matter of wonderment to us how many public libraries, mechanics' and literary institutes, and other such like institutions get a copy of the CRY. We are afraid not many. There must be some hundreds in the country. If these all had a copy presented weekly by some of our friends, what a slice of the 30,000 these copies would make right straight away! They would be sure to interest someone in the ordinary work of the Army, and a host of friends would eventually be made in this way. Boom the libraries, comrades!"

"Clever as the CRY folks are, they are not above taking a wrinkle or two, or a thousand for the matter of that. So, if you have an idea of any description that would help to either make the CRY more interesting or to boom it, don't keep it to yourself, but send it along 'instanter.'"

"Remember 'knowledge is power,' and we behind the scenes want to be as powerful and to make the CRY as powerful for the Kingdom as it is possible."

"*Help us, everybody, and remember that the 'Cry' exists only to disseminate salvation. Pray over the boom and back up your prayers with your works, and*

We Shall Succeed, Without a Doubt."

• • •

"Oh, for a Thousand Pens!

to write us all the good things that occur every day in the week in connection with the Army meetings and work. Do please send us along that interesting item concerning your corps, that tit-bit Capt. So-and-So related the other day, or that telling item out of your own experience, which would be so helpful to a whole crowd of our readers. Write it out and send it along at once. Don't fail."

(*More next week.*)

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY LUTHER.

TUNE.—*Don't leave the farm, boys.*

Come, friends, I have something to tell you,
A story quite simple and plain.
And though you have heard it so often,
I feel I must tell it again;
'Tis the story of Christ, the Redeemer,
And the love that can never decay,
'Tis from the blest message of mercy,
I beg of you turn not away.

CHORUS.

Enlist as a soldier to-day,
Your time is fast passing away,
King Jesus will lead you to victory,
And Satan will flee in dismay.

You talk of your worldly amusements,
Of the honor and wealth you will win,
And I know there are many attractions
To draw you to pleasure and sin.
But none of them give satisfaction,
They only can lead you astray,
They can give you no passport to Heaven,
Nor help on the great Judgment Day.

All around you are friends and companions,
Vain lovers of fashion and show;
Who are travelling heedless of danger,
Towards the dark caverns of woe.
Let us boldly march forth to the rescue,
With hearts full of faith and of love,
Break the power of Satan's allurements,
And lead them to Heaven above.

The love of the Saviour's undying,
The pardon He offers is free
Was purchased for all upon Calvary,
And now there is cleansing for thee.
There's a home in the heavenly city,
Prepared for the brave and the true,
There's rest for the troubled and weary,
And soon will the journey be through.

OUR THREE BRAVE

French Canadian Officers.

A Look at Captain Drolet.

DRINK HIS MASTER—TERRIBLE PERSECUTION—BLOOD FLOWED FREELY.

From childhood he was taught to fear God and to serve Him. Quebec is his birthplace, where he was ushered into this world in the year 1868. At the age of five years he was sent to school, and the first thing he learned was to commit to memory such prayers as the "invocation of saints," etc. Neglecting these prayers very often, for he thought they were only a form, his mother would tell him if he didn't mind himself he would become a Protestant.

Passing over the more advanced stages of schoolboy days, we find him at the age of sixteen learning the carpenter's business. Of course, now that he was working, he felt he was getting to be a man, and drinking, gambling, and many other such amusements were his pastimes. During all this time he was a regular attendant at the church services, not from the love of attending the services, but

BECAUSE HE WAS OBLIGED TO GO.

One night while seeking pleasure he strayed into an auctioneer's shop, and it was there he first heard about the Salvation Army. When the boys would be making too much noise the auctioneer would tell them it would suit them better to go to the Salvation Army and hear those

THREE OR FOUR FOOLS PREACH.

Philippe being one of the curious kind, went to hear how the so-called fools preached. He was greatly interested in the proceedings, and became a regular attendant at the meetings.

For about three months he attended regularly, when he was forbidden to go any more. This was a hard thing for him to do. Although he wasn't converted, still he liked the Army meetings, for it was there he heard the way of Salvation preached so plainly, but he had to give it all up since

THE CHURCH FORBADE HIM TO GO

any more. He could not keep away from the Army however, and used to try and content himself with following the S. A. marches every night.

One Sunday afternoon while out walking with some friends, he was told that the Army had been cruelly treated, and that one man had a basket filled with stones which he proceeded to hurl at the Salvationists. He was filled with disgust at this news, but a few minutes afterwards when he saw four Salvation lassies with

BLOOD RUNNING DOWN THEIR FACES

passing in a wagon, his blood fairly boiled in his veins with indignation at this cruel treatment.

A few weeks after this he fell at the foot of the Cross and cried for pardon, which he soon received. From that moment the fear of death left him, for he realized his peace was made with God.

For over two years he attended the meetings as a convert, when, on Nov. 4th, 1889

HE BECAME AN ENROLLED SOLDIER.

During these years since his conversion he has had to pass through great darkness. All his former friends forsook him, and even those of his own household were against him. One night his father went to the barracks to bring him out, and when he got him home he told him that there was no longer a home for him under the paternal roof, unless he promised never to go back to these meetings.

Our comrade was filled with anguish at these words, but feeling that he was not guilty of any crime, he resolved to continue in the way in which he was so certain God had called him, so he decided to

LEAVE HIS HOME RATHER THAN HIS GOD.

He hadn't gone far, however, when his sister called after him. She was weeping bitterly, and she said his father decided to let him stay for another while at home.

Having heard the call for the Field, and having delayed for a long time, he at last sent in his application, was accepted, and sent to the opening of Montreal IV. Here he fought for over a year, during which time he was promoted to the rank of Lieut. and then to the rank of Captain. He is now in charge of Montreal III., and loves the work. He loves God with all his heart, and is determined, with His help, to be faithful until death.

Lieut. Marcotte's Career.

(A MIRACLE OF GOD'S SAVING POWER.)

His early days were passed pretty much as the average young men of the present day pass theirs—in seeking after worldly

CAPT. DROLET.

pleasures and having a good time in general. When only fifteen years of age he began to drink and use tobacco and a year later found him a pretty regular attendant at balls, theatres, and other places of amusement. Saturday night generally used to be a time of

DRINKING AND AMUSEMENT,

and as long as his week's wages lasted he had a good time, only to be followed on the following morning by regrets and remorse of conscience over the way he had carried on. This life continued, and he was getting to be an adept in the ways of sin, when God, in His mercy, stepped in and stopped him in his downward career.

It was towards the end of the summer of 1886 that our comrade saw by the papers that the Salvation Army was going to open fire on Quebec, among the French Canadians of that city, and some time after that the first shot was fired. Our comrade like many more, determined to see what *L'Armée du Salut* was like. Arriving at the hall he saw

FOUR WOMEN ON THE PLATFORM,

who preached, and prayed, and sang in turns, but the noise that the crowd was making made it difficult to hear what they said. Returning to the hall on another occasion, they began to pray, and while singing the chorus,

"You never can tell when the death bell is tolling.
You never can tell when your end may be,"

the words touched his heart, and he fancied he heard a voice saying to him, "If you should die to-night, where would you spend eternity?" He became deeply convicted, knelt at the Cross, and cried for pardon. The Light soon streamed into his

DARKENED SOUL,

and he realized that God had saved him. He became a soldier, and after fighting against great odds for some time, he applied for the work, was accepted, and soon was telling the simple story of the Cross to others. For several months he fought bravely, but while in a rather hard station, he took his gaze off the Cross, with the result, he got discouraged and went home. He tried to satisfy himself with his old companions and habits, but all to no avail. He again came to the Cross and received pardon for the past. After fighting as a soldier for some time, he again applied for the work, was accepted, and is now fighting as an officer in one of our French corps in Montreal.

Cadet Belleau.

A WONDERFUL RESTORATION.

The Cadet first saw the light in Quebec city. He was born of French-Canadian parents, and brought up in the religion of his fathers, and like many more young men of the present day, he went in for the pleasures of the world. He left school when fifteen years of age, and started to work. He soon got in with bad company, and in a short time became an adept a.

DRINKING, AND USING TOBACCO.

His week's wages would be spent in drinking, and frequenting hotels, with his companions. This kind of life naturally led him to think little of God, and he almost came to the point where he didn't believe there was a God at all. Sometimes he would go to church,

BECAUSE HE SAW OTHERS GOING,

and sometimes he prayed, but, in his own words, "Oh, what prayers!"

About the month of October, 1886, he heard the Salvation Army had commenced to hold meetings in Quebec, and of course he with the rest had to go and see what the Salvation Army really was, for he had been given to understand that they had come to Quebec to make war against his religious belief, but great was his surprise when he found they preached only "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

His heart was touched with compassion when he saw the four lass officers so cruelly treated and persecuted for simply preaching Christ as the Saviour of the world. Continuing to go to the meetings, he became convicted of his sins, and got to be very miserable. One of the officers asked him the question, "Where will you spend your Eternity—will it be in Heaven or in hell?" This question haunted him; he could not get rid of it. He longed to go to the foot of the Cross and have his sins washed away, but he feared the consequences. He knew what he would have to endure from his parents and companions.

Finally, one Sunday afternoon, the lesson that was read (Rev. iii., 3) struck home, and at the close of the meeting

HE WENT TO THE PENITENT-FORM,

where he cried for pardon, and in a very few moments he realized a change in his heart. From that moment he was persecuted on all sides, and after a hard fight against discouragement, he succumbed, and went deeper than ever into sin. God had his eyes on him, however, and coming to himself, like the prodigal of old, he returned to his Father's house, and received pardon full and free once more.

For months he fought as a soldier, and for a while he was the only soldier in the corps. God kept him faithful in the face of all he had to endure from parents, friends and old companions. Soon after this, hearing the call for the Field, he sent in his application for the work, was accepted, and to-day is fighting the devil in one of the French corps in Montreal.

NOTES ON THE S.A. CAMP-MEETINGS AT GUELPH.

On Saturday, August 15th, dodgers were flying around which told of the camp-meetings that were to commence that night.

The brass and timbrel bands looked quite imposing as they marched up to the Exhibition Grounds for the opening meetings.

Sunday, all day, was an eventful one. Old-time comrades were on hand giving glory to God. Conspicuous among them was Aunty Brown and "Our Solomon," who, in giving his testimony, said he thanked God he had his feathers on (uniform), and he was not chirping, but crowing (shouting).

Staff-Capt. Sharp and Scribe Peard said good-bye at night and impressed the people very much by their parting counsel.

Ensign Cunningham, who had come in on the Saturday, said good-bye on Monday night to a nice crowd of people.

Tuesday was a field day for the Juniors, led by Sergt.-Major Carter, which was a good success. I am sure by the way they pitched in at the tables they ought to have sang, "We shall conquer all." An interesting meeting was held at night and several testimonies given of God's power to save. God bless the Juniors.

The meetings on Wednesday were led by Capt. Woodall and Lieut. Young, of that famous place, Rockwood.

Thursday had been announced as a musical meeting. As we were forming for a march, we were agreeably surprised to see Staff-Capt. Bolton and Adjt. Michiel pull up in front of the barracks, they having come in from Toronto to give us a few days at the meetings.

Some very nice selections were played in the meetings by the brass band. Neither were the lassies behind with their timbrels. In fact, at the onset of the meetings they gave such material assistance that someone suggested they should henceforth be called, "The Angel Band." God bless the lasses.

Bandsman Brown sang a solo, part of the chorus running as follows, "There's somebody buried in the graveyard." Capt. Woodall helped with her guitar, or as D.O. Bolton called it, "The Plung-plung."

On Friday night Staff-Capt. Bolton and Ensign Michiel led a lively, jolly and enthusiastic meeting.

Saturday night we welcomed our new D.O., Brigadier Philpott, who straightway went in for God and souls. May you long be spared to come amongst us, Brigadier.

Sunday, all day, the Staff had the meetings well in hand and very great good was done. In the afternoon Staff-Capt. Sweetman dropped in among us and looked quite fatherly. At night, great good was done. Souls were held spell-bound. The Staff said good-bye.

Monday was our last day, and it was a good one. In the afternoon and night meetings four came out for Salvation, and three for Sanctification. In the afternoon a strong wind came and blew the tents down, but with several willing hands we got up one for the last meeting.

Good crowds attended all through, and upwards of twenty came out for Salvation and Sanctification. Afternoon meetings were held and were made a blessing to a great many. The Parks Committee have been very generous and kind to us, giving us every privilege. May the dear Lord bless them much. The local papers have also contributed a lot of help by daily making mention of the meetings.

The bandsmen stuck nobly to their post, and their music was much appreciated by all—one friend getting so blessed by them that he sends in a check for $5 to help them on. Thanks. Go thou and do likewise.

While these meetings have been going on, death has been doing its work, and several of our soldiers have been called to stand by the bedside of their loved ones and bid them adieu for a time, hoping to see them on the Resurrection Day.

May the Lord bless those who remain of Brother and Sister Whetstone and family, Sister Moore and family, and Brother Crawford. God doeth all things well.

CAPT. W. J. TURNER.

THE GENERAL WRITES TO MRS. SPURGEON.

We cull the following letter from the September *Deliverer* just to hand :—

Just before sailing for South Africa the General wrote to Mrs. Spurgeon the following :

July 24, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—

I cannot leave England without again assuring you of my deep sympathy with you in the grief and anxiety through which you are now passing.

Less than one year ago I also stood in the shadows among which you are now watching, and know something therefore of the conflicting hopes and fears with which you are now day by day contending.

If the opportunity offers, please assure Mr. Spurgeon that I am hoping and praying for his recovery. Our acquaintance has been so slight that he will know that I desire this most of all for his people's sake and in the interests of the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Will you kindly send me a telegram to the R. M. S. "Scot," Southampton, about noon to-morrow giving the latest tidings?

Praying that the Master may strengthen your heart to endure this protracted strain,

Believe me, dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) William Booth.

And received the following telegraphic reply on board the "Scot" just before sailing :—

Beulah Hill, 12.10 p.m., 12.28 p.m.

General Booth, Royal Mail Steamer "Scot," Southampton :

I thank you heartily for your kind letter. There is no improvement in my dear husband's condition : but he is in God's hands. Christian love and best wishes.

Mrs. Spurgeon.

CONTEMPLATION.

ROBERT LESLIE VICKERS, EMERSON.

Contemplation, what a rapture, lasting pleasure.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
What heights, what depths, what lengths, what breadths!
Glory! Glory! Glory!

The waters of life are shoreless!
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Pure as the sunbeams of Heaven;
Glory! Glory! Glory!

With the Book of God before me,
Glory! Glory! Glory!
And the love of Christ within me,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

Pure devotion is God-like bliss,
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Holy joy has no horizon,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

'Tis vast, without circumference,
Glory! Glory! Glory!
'Tis lasting as Eternity.
Glory! Glory! Glory!

READ AND BE BLESSED.

"The way to Heaven is straight and plain." The soul-saver's path is very narrow and at times very lonely; it is the Christ-path. Sorrow is there in abundance, intermingled with the deepest of joy.

Holiness means victory, but it does not insure freedom from trial.

"And He shall be like as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, as the tender grass springing up out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Feelings are very nice to enjoy, but it is faith that taketh hold of the promises of the Almighty, and bringeth victory and blessing untold into our everyday life.

God is waiting to come into every detail of your life, and make it all joy.

The success of the past, taken in any sense, is always encouragement for the success of the future, and so in your soul's experience, the victories achieved in the past, the blessings received in hours of darkness, the voice of Jesus, the light of heaven, in fact, a general review of days gone by, should be an inspiration to a more perfect trust and to a calmer rest for future hours of conflict with the soul's great enemy.

Oh, for wisdom to win souls!

God's promises are not mere ornaments, to be looked upon and be admired, but each one, when claimed by faith, yieldeth to the soul fruit in abundance. Sojourner.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1. FOR HEART BACKSLIDERS

BY BLANCHE B. COX.

Tune—*Stella.*

My God, and dare I follow Thee
With less of love than used to be?
Must zeal and faith and hope decline,
Because hell's forces all combine?
Dare I so treat my vows as nought,
Or lose the soul Thy blood has bought?

Thy Spirit and Thy Word declare,
That those who follow Thee must bear
The self-same cross of Calvary,
Emblem of death and victory.
Dear Lord, my life again is Thine,
If but Thy grace and cross be mine.

Oh, Holy Ghost, Thy power I feel,
Does all my sore backslidings heal;
Salvation from myself I claim,
And grace to conquer through Thy name.
One purpose hence my soul shall fill,
One song of praise my glad heart trill.

2 I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

BY SERGT. MAGGIE SMITH, PETERBORO'.

Tune—*I'm clinging to the Cross.*

Dear Lord, I want just now to be
A soldier true and brave,
To work, and live, and fight for Thee
And help the lost to save.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, dear Lord,
I will follow Thee, dear Lord,
I'll follow Thee, dear Lord;
Though hard the fight may be,
Thou wilt give me victory,
I'll follow Thee, I'll follow Thee, dear Lord.

I want to live each day for Thee,
And do Thy blessed will,
And conquer in the hardest fight,
While I work for Jesus still.

Oh help me, Lord, just now to be
A soldier of the Cross,
That I may ever fight for Thee,
And count the world as dross.

Dear Jesus, I will fight for Thee
Until the battle's o'er,
And then go home to Heaven above
To dwell for evermore.

3 COME TO JESUS.

Tune—*What a Friend we have in Jesus.*

Won't you come to Jesus, sinner?
Won't you come to Jesus now?
Give up sin and worldly pleasures,
Christ will give you greater joy.
Are you not yet tired of sinning?
Are you not prepared to die?
Sad will be your future, sinner,
If to God you do not cry.

You are weak, unworthy creatures,
Jesus died your soul to save,
He is striving now within you,
Come before it is too late;
He is knocking at your heart's door,
Open now and let Him in.
Jesus pleads with you so gently,
Come, poor sinner, give up sin.

Oh, believe His precious promise,
Come and trust His power to save.
He is waiting to receive you,
If your heart to Him you'll give;
From His side the blood is flowing,
It will purge away each stain,
Give you joy and peace and gladness,
From your heart will banish pain.

He will put His arms about you,
Shield you from temptation's snare,
And when life on earth is over,
A heavenly portion you shall share;
But if you reject the Saviour,
Turn Him from your heart away,
Then an awful doom awaits you,
When it is too late to pray.

4 THE SALVATION PLAN.

CAPT. JAS. FORMAN.

Tune—*We have a grand Salvation plan.*

Come share with us the Gospel feast,
It is prepared for you,
The Lord has bidden all mankind,
And not a chosen few.
The gambler from the den may come,
The drunkard from the slum,
The chiefest of the fallen race,
There's room for every one.

CHORUS.

Oh! we have a grand Salvation plan,
Old Satan can't destroy,
It feeds the soul, and body too,
And fills the heart with joy.

For broken hearts and wretched homes,
It suits them, oh! so well,
It takes away our many sins,
And saves our souls from hell.
It fits us for a home above,
A place of pure delight,
Where Christ, the King of Glory, dwells,
With saints all robed in white.

Oh, listen now, poor wretched soul,
The Saviour calls to thee,
"For you my precious Blood I shed,
It flowed on Calvary.
To save your soul from sin and hell
I laid My body down,
That you at last in Heaven might dwell,
And wear a golden crown."

5 HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY SERGT.-MAJOR GRIFFITHS.

Tune—*It was for me.*

There is a city bright and fair,
Often I wish that I were there;
But when I think of those in sin,
I want some precious souls to win.

CHORUS.

I'm homeward bound, yes homeward bound,
My feet are placed on solid ground;
The pearly gates I see, I see,
And Jesus waits to welcome me.

How sweet 'twill be when work is o'er,
And we have reached the golden shore;
To meet some soul we've helped to win,
Some trophies for our Saviour King.

Oh, weary one, think of that home,
Where toil and care and pain n'er come;
Though strewn with thorns thy path may be,
Thy Saviour's hand upholdeth thee.

They've gained the port, oh blessed place,
They see their Saviour face to face;
They have fought the fight, the victory won,
They have received their Lord's "Well done."

We'll clasp our loved ones by the hand,
When we have reached that sunny land;
But sweeter far than all will be,
My precious, loving, Lord to see.

6 INVITATION SONG.

BY LIEUT. PETIT GARCON.

Tune—*Wait for the turn of the tide.*

Sinner, the Saviour is watching for you,
He's waiting to pardon you now;
For many a year He's knocked at your heart,
He's waiting to pardon you now.
Leave all your sins and your sorrow behind,
From all your troubles He'll surely set free;
Down at His feet you mercy will find,
Pardon and cleansing is waiting for Thee.

CHORUS.

Jesus is waiting to pardon you now,
Yes—waiting to pardon you now;
If you'll only come and give up your all,
He's promised to pardon you now.

His blessed Word tells us He casteth none out,
He's waiting to pardon you now;
If you will repent and believe on His name
He's waiting to pardon you now.
Will you not give up your life of sin?
Come to my Saviour and new life He'll give,
Venture on Him, for He'll take you in,
And power He'll give you a right life to live.

7 LET JESUS REIGN.

BY LIZZIE LESLIE, PETERBORO'.

Tune—*I am list'ning.*

Do you hear the Saviour calling,
Gently calling unto you?
"Come, and leave your sinful habits
At the Saviour's bleeding side."

CHORUS.

He is able, He is willing,
Now to cleanse your heart from sin,
If you will but let the Master
Reign and rule your heart within.

Long His mercy you've rejected,
And by sin been led away,
But He's waiting to receive you,
If you will His Word obey.

Will you give your heart to Jesus,
And be cleansed from every sin?
There is pardon for the sinners,
When they let the Saviour in.

TO INTENDING CANDIDATES

Kindly note that all Applications for the [illegible] should be addressed to COMMISSIONER REES, Albert St., Toronto, Ont., and should be accompanied by [illegible] to defray cost of printing, postage, etc.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Galt, of Montreal T.G., to be Capt.
Cadet Truman Wood, of Moncton Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Arthur C. Perry, of Moncton Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet John Linton, of Moncton Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Wm. J. Searle, of Temple Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Mary Batten, of St. Johns Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Jessie Graham, of Toronto Rescue Home, to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Galt to be Financial Special.
Lieut. Wood to North Head.
Lieut. Perry to Halifax II.
Lieut. Linton to Charlottetown.
Lieut. Searle to Whitby.
Lieut. Batten to Catalina.
Lieut. Graham to London Rescue H[illegible].

TRANSFER—

Lieut. John Anderson to U.S.A.

D. M. REES,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.

IN THE WILDERNESS — A VOICE CRYING
WAR CRY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1891.

Mrs. Rees. In a few days, Mrs. Rees will be crossing the briny Atlantic to join the Commissioner in his Canadian warfare. Let every Canadian officer, soldier, and friend, pray that she may have journeying mercies, and that she may be kept in the hollow of God's hand while crossing the deep. We feel assured that He Who holds the world in the hollow of His hand, will put His everlasting arms around Mrs. Rees and the children, also Mrs. Acom, and may they land in our midst in perfect safety. God grant it.

Past and Gone. Ere this issue is read by our comrades, the meetings in connection with our Ninth Anniversary will be over. We are anxious to give those who were unable to attend these special demonstrations a good idea of what they were like, and shall therefore strive to insert good, illustrated, pithy reports of the same, which will appear in a future number. At the time of going to press, we are full of faith that God will set His Divine seal upon all that is said and done.

The Future. At this special time, much has been said about past victories and blessings. The past, however, is gone, and the future lies before us. What shall this future be? It is ours to see to this. We feel confident that it will be fraught with untold successes, providing each comrade lives out his or her salvation. Personal practical religion is the great want of this day. The world is full of sentimental talk and twaddle. Dying humanity cries out for practical help. The Salvation Army professes so much, consequently, the world expects great things from us. Our light should so shine that men seeing our good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

In Glory. Capt. Eliza Fielder, a brave warrior, who has for several years fought a good warfare in various parts of the Dominion, has gone to heaven from the Home of Rest at Rothsay, N. B. Fearlessly she fought, victorious she died. We cannot tell who next may fall. Comrades, be ready! We hope to give her picture and a sketch of her life in a future Cry. This issue contains the portraits and lives of our dear glorifed comrades, Captains Hunter and Moss, which will doubtless be read with great interest. May the God of all comfort console the bereaved ones. Death is no respecter of persons. We must face it. Let us seek to live, fight, and work, so that we shall be enabled to take many sheaves with us to the Throne.

THE Progress of the General's Scheme.

Some of the Latest Particulars About England's Social Wing.

From the English Cry.

When the General's book put the whole world under conviction, and a considerable portion under contribution—when people were crying, as of old, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" of course the General said, "Remember the collection!" Just then there were many who silenced their consciences and saved their money by means of the two following questions :—"Can any good thing come out of the Salvation Army?" How can the General do all these things he proposes, 'seeing he has never learned'?" These questions are substantially very old, as old as the story of Salvation, and just about as easy to understand and explain. Because it has always been the General's good fortune to have a man. Knowledge is power, money is power, but a commander may lose the both if he has not reliable men.

SOCIAL WING OFFICERS. To my mind, speaking from the human side, the officers of the Social wing are its chief glory. The fact seems almost too marvellous for realization that nearly all our officers, from the Sergeant of the wood choppers right up to the Commissioner, have been more or less submerged by sin, the mighty leveller down, and raised by Salvation, the mighty leveller up. Many who have been lately rescued and hold unimportant offices, even these take a great interest in the general working of the concern, for they fully realize that the success of the whole will be the result of the individual effort of every part. So let us glory in the fact, our beloved Army by the grace of God has been able to exhibit to the world an ideal Christian Socialism.

THE PRISON GATE BRIGADE. The proposals of the Prison Gate Brigade, according to the General's critics, were beset with a few impossibilities, but the General had a man. Colonel Barker, who has put his immense Colonial experience into the business, and the Colonel was successful in finding an ex-warder from H. M. prisons, who brought his twenty years' official experience to bear on the concern. For humility's sake he wishes to be nameless, so I must content myself by saying should you ever go to the Firth of Forth, you will not have to search much farther for his name.

When a warder he was saved, and on the stone floor of a prison cell he knelt and prayed with his first convert. At the expiration of this convert's time, the chaplain was so convinced of the genuineness of his conversion that he took a signal interest in the case, and ultimately the ex-prisoner became a lay preacher. Since that time, the future Captain has led many to the feet of Jesus. Now he is pensioned off Her Majesty's service, and for the rest of his life goes on His Majesty's service, a kind of recruiting Sergeant for the Prison Home. He visits police court and prison as a jail bird of passage, where his acquaintance with prison officials and his practical knowledge of prison discipline are of immense advantage to us, as it helps to unlock the rigorous officialism which has so long kept our officers from a work for which they are fitted, both by nature and grace.

SAVED POLICE. A few days ago, while this officer was in the waiting room of a large prison, he got into conversation with a police inspector, who was waiting to re-arrest a man.

"Well," said the Captain, "I reckon I've got a better job than you."

"How is that?" queried the inspector, for the Captain, per policy, was in plain clothes.

"I am the recruiting serjeant for the Salvation Army Discharged Prisoners' Home," replied the Captain, and then went on to give a detailed account of the work.

"A grand work," said the inspector. "I am an Auxiliary of the Salvation Army, and proud to say we have a brigade of well-saved policemen."

"What fine Prison Brigade officers they would make!"

"Well, I shall be delighted to do all in my power to help you. If I come across a deserving case, I will send a post card to your Headquarters."

We can safely say that if the Prison Gate Brigade keeps steadily progressing at its present rate, we shall soon be on the same footing as other religious societies who follow this work, and our efforts will receive the recognition and help of Government in this country as well as at the Antipodes.

272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD SHELTERS. A NEW CAPTAIN. Whilst thinking about the late submerged and the present elevated, I am reminded that Charley Colclough has been promoted to a Captaincy. He is one of the trophies of our Food and Shelter work, being saved at Limehouse Shelter soon after it was opened. He is now in his fourth spiritual year, and a fine boy for his age. He has the distinguished honor of being in charge of the cradle of the Salvation Army—glorious 272, Whitechapel Road—whose associations will survive the all-levelling floods of time, and be conspicuous in the world's history when the building which sheltered the first corps of the Salvation Army lies mingled with the dust.

Not only does this place arouse heroic thoughts, but since it has come under the feathers of the Social Wing, it has evoked some startling facts as to the marvellous facilities which the Social Wing possesses for saving and elevating the submerged.

The manager, Capt. Colclough, about four years ago, was carrying sandwich-boards, an *habitue* of the Thames Embankment, separated from his wife and family, a hopeless outcast. Now he is the smiling and aristocratic-looking manager of Whitechapel Food and Shelter Depot.

Whitechapel is the metropolis of the East-End—the headquarters of submerged London. In this neighborhood we get the *creme de la creme* of blackest London. As this aristocracy of misery presents itself before the hospitable counters of the depot, the Captain, thinking of his own past and present, and then looking at the miserable array before him, will substantially give vent to the following lines, which are a[illegible] Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs" (about a thousand miles after) :—

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you may be,
Get saved, old chap, and follow me."

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR MATCH? We are happy to be able to say that the interest in Darkest England Lights is fast increasing. Our Match Factory is in full swing, and the goods produced are pronounced to be of first-class quality. We are sure that this will be accepted as a fact when we state that in addition to the Wholesale Co-operative Society supplying their depots with our matches, we have this week concluded arrangements with one of the oldest and most respected firms in the kingdom for the sale of Darkest England Lights, Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons (Limited), York Road, King's Cross. This firm is now ready to supply our matches not only to their own circle of customers, but will act as our agents in supplying the same to all inquirers.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT." "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," would be an excellent motto for a Salvage Brigade—a battle cry for our great crusade against that offspring of the devil—Waste.

Mother Earth has taught her sons many lessons in economy. Her elements are always changing, but never wasting—disappearing and re-appearing in ten thousand different forms but never lost.

The Gospel has been God Almighty's Spiritual Salvage Brigade in all generations. Nowadays, the Darkest England Scheme is the Social Salvage Brigade, a certain section of which deals with the reclamation of waste material, or the extension of our Salvation work to things inanimate, so the object of the Salvage Brigade is to seek and save that which was lost, and by utilising some of London's refuse to save the souls of men from the eternal waste of hell.

SOCIAL SALVAGE. Our Salvage Depot stands on a large piece of ground, its river frontage measures 120 feet, it has a total depth of 279 feet, and when the necessary alterations are completed this will be our largest department.

In all Social Wing properties there is, and was, a delicious fitness between the places and the work. We have scarcely taken a building which has not been thoroughly submerged, and what is more remarkable, these places have been elevated and made suitable for their work by submerged labor.

The Salvage Depot forms no exception to this rule. The place had fallen among thieves, who have not been content with taking lead, iron, zinc, and other things which thieves consider portable, but they have even taken the sashes and frames out of the building, and would soon have removed the bricks if the Salvation Army had not taken possession of the premises, and once more played the *role* of the Good Samaritan.

ALTERATIONS. The buildings, which had been used by some manufacturing company, now look in a ruinous condition. It will cost £300 to fit them up for the Salvage Brigade. All this work is to be done by submerged labor under the direction of Adjutant Bullen. The foreman of the works is one of Colonel Barker's spiritual sons, and a better specimen of mental and physical manhood—saved and elevated by the gospel of our Lord—perhaps you may not find in Battersea.

SALVATION HORSES. You have all been enraptured with the poetic description of Job's war-horse, and we hope you will be also delighted to learn that we have Social cavalry as well as infantry. In our City Colony there are twenty horses and two Jerusalem ponies, who have plenty of work to do for their food and shelter. Then we have an official amongst us—the Master of the Horse—who is saddled with the responsibility of horses, and not only is he saddled with the responsibility of horses, but he has learned to bridle his tongue, and has no desire to ride the high horse.

BOOTH'S BEER. An editor, who was not a lineal descendant of the boy who never told a lie, inferred that Booth's Beer only existed in the General's mind. We should like everyone to know that as well as being in his mind, it is also contained in the General's barrels and bottles, and it is made on the premises of historic Limehouse Shelter. The Captain in charge of this department will be glad to receive orders for any quantity, from a dozen bottles to a butt, and will send it to your mansion on our Salvation brewer's dray. There is one thing certain, that by purchasing our Elevator Beer, or Social Invigorator, as it is called, you will be helping to stop the flow of intoxicants and help us to save the drunkard.

LABOR BUREAU. Does anyone want a man for five minutes, five months, five years, or a lifetime? Should your requirements come within this range, please do not forget the Labor Bureau at 36, Upper Thames Street, where men are waiting to be hired even until the eleventh hour, hoping and praying for a job by means of which they will be able to earn food and shelter for themselves and perhaps a starving wife and family.

During last week there were six hundred and forty-eight applications for work. There were one hundred women amongst this large number of applicants. If our numbers in the summer are so high, what will the winter be? Oh, what will the WINTER be? But there is a bright side to the alarming prophecies and revelations of these returns from the Labor Bureau. One-sixth of the work's applicants were found employment, which is a first-class percentage, when we take into consideration the awful condition of many of those who apply.

Taking a rough average, we can safely say that during the spring and summer months we have assisted about a hundred a week into work, permanent and otherwise, through the agency of the Bureau.

HELP WANTED. Perhaps you may be curious to know how this important department supports itself. To tell the truth—and I blush to confess—it is supported by voluntary contributions—that is to say, by thank offerings from those who get work, and free-will offerings from those who get employes, through the agency of our Bureau. If any of my readers owe a debt of gratitude in this direction, please do not forget that a little silver or golden appreciation is the most substantial sympathy. Whilst admiration of the work will not fail to touch the hearts of the Bureau officials, money will keep them and help to solidify a most important department.

The Labor Bureau has no opportunity of covering its expenses by trade, therefore, since the General has made it easy for his subscribers to give to any department in particular, "now for the collection!"

RENOVATORS AND TRANSLATORS. At the same place we have a shoe-translating and clothes-converting department, where old men's clothes are turned into old boys' garments. The tailor in charge of this section had been reduced to the ninth part of a man by the inhuman sweater, and had lost the use of one eye through working excessively long hours by gas-light in a sweater's den. He got saved at a Slum-post and was put on our Elevator, which took him up eight-ninths and made him a new man in Christ Jesus. Any day you may see him at our old Headquarters, in Thames Street, seated on his board with his inoffensive cabbage and goose, putting old patches in old garments and fixing up all sorts of clothes for the Elevator men.

Gentle reader, may he have the privilege of operating on some of your old clothes?

HOW WE FIX THEM UP. Just opposite the Clothes Turning Department we have the Shoe Translators, who deal with all sorts of submerged shoe-leather. May they deal with yours? You see the importance of the three departments being under one roof. A poor fellow, with a very little expenditure, can be introduced to our elevated tailor, and then to our translator. After they have done all they can he is taken downstairs, a job of work found for him, and all this is done "while he waits."

A NEW NAME. I hope you will appreciate my new *nom de plume*. Some think that Scavenger is *infra dig.*, and since I am appointed by Commissioner to be Extra Special Outcast, in loving memory of that "Graphic" correspondent who came to our Shelter and could not sleep, who said he suffered the torments of Job, therefore, I do most heartily rejoice in a modern and practical rendering of a very ancient name,

Eliphaz, the Tea-Manite.

Vancouver's Valiant Victories.

A Successful Christian—Living Curiosities—A Dignified Sexton—Three Babies Dedicated—New Vigor for the Battle—In Bodily Discomfort.

Dear War Cry.—No doubt you would like to know how the war progresses up here. Well, Vancouver is going up, up, up! We've had Major Morris and Capt. Harry for a three days' big go and they made things lively.

On Saturday, Aug. 22nd, the fray commenced with a great welcome meeting. It was one of the

Roaring, Ramping, Tramping Kind.

Ten recruits were enrolled under our blessed tri-colored flag. Capt. Arkett's singing and Capt. Morris' playing charmed all who heard it.

Sunday began with knee-drill, when God's presence was felt by all. In the Holiness meeting, the talk ran on the subject of "What makes a successful Christian?" The officers who were present spoke of their past experience of God's dealings, and the way in which He had led them into broader places, into clearer light, and had given them that which alone can make one a success in the Christian warfare, *i. e.*, the Spirit of Christ, which enables them to live for others instead of for self. God was present, and we wound up our meeting with

Eight for Sanctification,

and one soul for Salvation.

The afternoon free-and-easy went with a swing. Testimonies were lively. One brother said : "Salvation keeps *us*; we don't have to put it in our pockets before we leave the meeting, in order to keep *it*." Mother Walker sang "John saw the holy number, 'way in the middle of the air," lustily. She thanks God for the S. A., because in it she has liberty. Once, when she was a church-member, giving her testimony, she got warmed up, and spoke rather above the ordinary tone of voice, and the dignified, solemn-looking sexton walked up to her and told her they didn't want any of that nonsense there, but now she finds that anyone, whether they be

White, Brown, or "Green."

may shout as much as they please, beneath the flag of the yellow, red, and blue.

The Major spoke of the wise choice of Solomon, and drew in the net, but no one came to the Saviour.

Before the evening meeting, the Major held a council with the Sergeants, and also had a little talk with the soldiers, which was made a great blessing to them. In the public meeting, the Major dedicated three babies to the Lord. The audience seemed very interested. Afterwards, three of the Junior soldiers sang together very touchingly,

"Some of you have mothers,
But they're lying in the tomb."

One soul came to the Lord that night.

On Monday afternoon the Major led a council with all the B. C. officers, from which we went forth with increased determination to be loyal to God and the Army. The meeting on Monday night was the crowning one of all, God was so manifestly present. It is wonderful how attractive the Cross is, and how people, in spite of themselves, will for hours sit in bodily discomfort, to listen to the sweet story of old. The result of the meeting was the

Conversion of a Morphine Victim.

He had quite a hard time getting through, but the Lion of Judah, bless His name, broke all his chains. The glory got down into our brother's feet, and he executed a regular dance. It did our hearts good to see him.

God has wonderfully blessed us since the Major's coming amongst us, and we shall go into the fight with fresh vigor and earnestness. Amen.

Lieut. Westacott.

The quantity of tobacco on which duty was paid in the United States last year was no less than 243,505,823 pounds. How much suffering in the slums of New York and other American cities the value of this would have alleviated, is not mentioned.

In the hands of General Booth it would have been a rope by which he would have quickly hanged starvation on the lowest branch of his social tree.

Ensign Logan in Ould Oirland.

Some Account of His Recent Travels.

Letter No. II.

I took the London and North Western Railway from London to Stranraer, Scotland. It took us from 8 p.m., to 8 a.m., to accomplish this journey.

It was not one of the large, roomy, comfortable cars that I had been used to for the past five years, but a small compartment to seat about ten people, five on each side facing each other; but as we had to ride all night, they only let six in, all Salvationists, returning from the C. P. I slept a little, but just a little. At length, we arrived in Stranraer, and from there we took

The Steamer to Ould Oirland,

which is only two hours' sailing, the shortest sea passage between Ireland and Scotland.

I arrived in Larne about 9.30 a.m., and accompanied the officers of that town to the quarters, and had breakfast and dinner with them. They were just returning from the Crystal Palace Anniversary with the rest of us.

I then took the train to Ballymena, my native town. I won't say anything about this place, although being the place of my birth. I felt homesick.(?) Yes, it may sound queer, homesick at home. But I cannot make myself at home where there is no Salvation Army. The Army once had a corps here, but, through unfaithfulness, the thing went down. Lord keep us true.

I spent a very enjoyable week at some of the Belfast corps. This city can boast of

Seven Blood and Fire Corps.

The Irish Division has nearly doubled its number of corps since the time I left Ireland. I am pleased to say that some of the corps have more than doubled the number of soldiers. The corps where I spent the first of my soldiering days, (Belfast IV.) has more than doubled.

The war in Ireland is steadily going forward. The result of hard work and holy living is clearly visible. The first corps that I visited was the one I last named. Crowds gathered around us in the open-air. It was just like an opening. This corps has been opened about eleven years. The soldiers are full of fire. Before we left the open-air, we got a

Collection of Eight Shillings,

nearly $2. I sang them some of our Canadian songs. They took immensely, especially "Ring dem bells," and "I'm happy, happy, happy all the time." My! didn't the soldiers pitch into the chorus. I accompanied these songs upon my auto-harp, an instrument unknown on this side the Atlantic. As soon as I ran my fingers across the wires, the crowds came around us. I sang.

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord from day to day.
Things have changed completely roond
Since I got saved in the great S. A."

They never heard this song before, but they took to it, and it was hard to get them to stop singing it. They sang it over and over, and over again. The tune is an Irish one, and of course they knew it.

Belfast II is a good corps. They have got into a fine new barracks of their own.

Some time ago, an officer left the S. A. and started a split. He succeeded for a time, then started to build a hall. When the hall was almost finished, he gave up, his mission failed, and the S. A. gladly finished it and moved in.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

This was once a struggling little corps about five years ago, but now it is a good one, one of the best in Ireland. The officers have been getting full salary, and when they farewelled, they left a nice

Balance for their Successors.

According to my promise, I spent a week-end at Larne. This is what they call a hard shop, but I enjoyed myself. The people here take a great delight in giving at our open-air collections. I asked them to give us an even collection, but they spoiled it over and over again, and if I asked them for twopence halfpenny, (5c.) to make up another shilling, someone was sure to give too much. Then, of course, we had another shilling to make up. The officers like the place well. The people are a good-hearted crowd.

Although the Army had left my home, I had the pleasure of perambulating around with my uniform, showing them that someone was standing true to the old flag.

I was startled one morning by receiving a telegram which read something like this. "*Come London at once. Farewell at Congress if necessary.*"—*Chief.*

I thought this must mean Foreign service, or why should I farewell at the Congress Hall, a strange place to me. I lost no time in getting to London. When I was turning the corner that leads to the Congress Hall, I noticed some posters on a board with the words "Great farewell meeting. Officers farewelling for India, (and in small print) and other lands." Dear me, thought I, "do they want me for India." Anyhow, I made up my mind that I would go anywhere for God. You know I wanted to feel sure that God really wanted me. Because, I firmly believe, if God wanted me in India, that He would help me to stay there, for I cannot think that God changes His mind in a matter like this, especially one in which great expense is incurred. However, my mind was soon put at rest.

Colonel Pollard Called Me Aside,

and the following dialogue took place between us:—

"Are you willing to go anywhere Ensign?"

"Yes, if I am sure God wants me Colonel."

"Well would you be hard to convince as to whether God wanted you or not?"

"I don't think I would Colonel, I have never been troublesome on that line."

"Well, we want you to go to Australia, so you will farewell to-night."

I won't try to describe my feelings when I heard this, but I had no hesitation in saying that I was quite willing to go. So, my dear comrades, as far as I know, Australia is to be my future battlefield under my old leader, Commissioner Coombs.

I am staying at the Congress Hall for a week or two before sailing. I get a Canadian War Cry from Brother Baker, late of the Canadian Headquarters, sometimes.

In my next letter, I will tell you something about the war in London. Yours,

Ensign Logan.

A VISIT TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Dear War Cry.—Since writing you last, it has been my privilege to spend a few weeks with our dear comrades in St. Johns. Praise the Lord. I had some blessed times there. They are a proper lot of Salvationists—

Real Blood and Fire.

Truly, they shout and sing, and make the barracks ring with praises to their King. I never saw the original Billy Bray—the King's son—but I do flatter myself that I have had the privilege of seeing a lot of Billy Brays in my own native land. Hallelujah! being a Newfoundlander myself, I like plenty of life, and believe in perfect freedom in the service of the Lord. Those whom the Son sets free are free indeed. The meetings were all that I could desire, and I gained much, experimentally.

Praise God. The Army has a grand hold in my country, and it was indeed a touchingly blessed light to see

The Well-Filled Platform

in the No. I. barracks, soldiers—many of them rescued from the slavery of drink—pleading as with one voice for the Salvation of the lost.

Several were converted in this barracks during my stay in St. Johns. The officers work hard, deal faithfully, declare the whole counsel of God, and results are visible.

I saw Major and Mrs. Scott and Adjutant Jewer only a few times, as they had to go away visiting the corps in other parts of the Island.

The Army store is very nice, and I was told quite a lot of uniform had already been sold, as well as Army literature.

I saw Capt. Shea the worthy Scribe, whose original remarks and quaint reports are so well-known and appreciated by War Cry readers. I also saw Adjt. Taylor, and the Cadets under his charge in the Training Garrison, soon to go forth equipped with the whole armour of God to win souls to Christ. Also Capt. Jennings, who, although only there a short time, has a fine hold upon the people; and Uncle Ben; and Brothers Ebsary, Barter, Badcock, Hutchings, and a host of others too numerous to mention by name. And now, last, but not least, I must tell you all about No. II. barracks—

A Veritable Church—

would you believe it—built by the Reformed Episcopalians, but now fallen into the hands of the S. A.

Dear Mother Hendricks and her Cadets, and my old comrade in the fight, Capt. Jost, labour there night after night, with their faithful soldiers, and, praise God, their labour is not in vain.

About forty souls were saved in two months, besides some being sanctified. So great is the joy when souls are saved, that it is quite a common thing to praise the Lord in the dance. (Psa. cxlix. 3.) and sometimes the midnight hour finds dear Mother Hendricks, Capt. Jost, and the tried, faithful soldiers, who rally around them still on their knees, pleading for some soul struggling for liberty. They are intensely earnest. The Lord abundantly bless them with a great harvest of souls. Reserving the rest for another time,

Mary F. Ellis.

Major Morris in British Columbia

A Happy Event—Getting Old—A Sick Captain—Salvation in Sickness—His Favorite Song—A clear Deed.

Since my last report of our beautiful camp meeting at Portage la Prairie we have been advancing rapidly in some corps, and in others, steadily. The call comes from quite a few places, "Send us officers." "Please open fire." One dear woman has been praying for us to come for three years. We scented the place and were met by this woman. She had driven in twenty miles from the prairie.

She Burst into Tears

when she saw us; she was overcome at seeing the S. A. once more. We held a meeting. The people were very timid, but they crowded the building and we had a most beautiful time.

I am now finishing up a tour through British Columbia, and have visited the outriders at Spence's Bridge, examined their outfit, their horses, and arranged for them to buy another horse and for Capt. H. Morris to take a three weeks' tour with them, not feeling strong enough myself. I am not so young as I used to be by quite a few years, but, glory to God, I feel

Full of Salvation Go,

just like I did ten years ago.

Capt. Arkett has been enabled to rest his horse and come to British Columbia for the officers' council.

Our visit to Calgary on Saturday and the following two days was good. Candidates were interviewed. Soldiers meetings were held.

Two Children were Dedicated.

Soldiers and sinners sang, wept, and shouted, some got saved, and a lot sanctified. It was an "Oh, be joyful" time. Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Gooding are getting along well and going up, up up.

At Victoria Capt. McIntyre and Lieut. Collet, the band boys, soldiers, and friends assisted us to make things boom, while Father Gray, Mother Gray and family, fixed us up between meetings. A backslider came back and quite a few real zed what they needed to make them successful, and got it. All glory to God. Candidates were interviewed, and the Rescue Home was not forgotten.

We said good-bye to our comrades and started for Nanaimo, Lieut. Kadey meeting us with some soldiers at the depot, saying, "Captain is just awaiting your coming. She is sick." We arranged her farewell, cheered her up, settled quite a lot of business, the Juniors' meeting was attended, two packed public meetings were held, and the brass band was in its place, which really surprised me in playing. They play and *pray*, which is the secret of real success.

Capt. Fraser and myself visited Sergt. Hall, who had been

Injured in the Mine,

some tons of stone falling upon him, nearly crushing the life out of him. We found him cheerful and patient, with kind hands to minister to his wants. The soldiers and friends do not forget him, and best of all, his confidence in God is unshaken. To those who say, "Do S. A. converts stand?" we answer back, "Yes," and when struck down by accident they stand, and even when death comes, stand. I sang and played two or three songs, then asked him what tune he would like us to play. He said, "Play 'Jesus keep me near the cross.'" We sang two verses and chorus. The next verse was, "Near the Cross a trembling soul." I asked him to pray. He said.

"I am Too Full,

I'll break down." We were all in tears. The glory filled the room. Capt. Fraser prayed, and we bade him good-bye, cheering him up. We ask all your prayers for his restoration.

The colliers in Nanaimo are a big-hearted lot of men. No officer need be afraid of receiving orders for that corps. We expect to be able to present to the Commissioner a clear deed of a lot for a barracks costing $1 000, all paid for inside the corps by working men. God bless them.

THEIR ENTRY INTO HAMILTON.

Brigadier and Mrs. Philpott's Welcome—A New Thing—The Bolts Pulled—The Better Part—In Corktown—Old Times Again.

BY JOE.

On Tuesday night, Brigadier and Mrs. Philpott met nearly all the soldiers in Council and gave them a real parental talk, Mrs. Philpott promising to visit the sister-soldiers of the city as much as possible, which is to them a new thing under the sun, but, needless to say, a step in the right direction, and gladly received by the sisters.

This meeting was a real impetus to the welcome meetings on Saturday and Sunday, for they just seemed to jump right into the hearts of all—a case of love at first sight. Consequently, the soldiers looked forward to high times. At the close of the meetings everybody seemed satisfied that the Staff is God-sent.

On Saturday evening the usual open-air—or rather at the usual time and place—and a more than usual crowd. But, oh, Hamilton! that was

A Stain on Your Reputation

—that open-air collection, I mean. However, you held your laurels on that line on Sunday afternoon at the City Hall. I scarcely know what to say about those Sunday meetings.

"From morning till night,
We were filled with delight."

not because the Brigadier and his wife were there, but because we felt that God had control of the hearts of our leaders which, of course, is so very essential.

The Brigadier and Adjt. Mcchiel were at knee-drill. Our leader told the soldiers that it was not necessary that we ask God to open the windows of Heaven to shower blessings upon us, for all the bolts are on our side, and we must pull them ourselves.

In the Holiness meeting, after a march and a short open-air in Corktown, much profitable advice was given in a short talk, and as it is good enough for all readers of the Cry, here is the pith of it. The lesson was from John xx.

Mary came to sepulchre before daylight. She believed her Lord would rise, for He said so. The others went back to their previous occupations, for Jesus was dead, but Mary's faith failed not.

Peter and John saw that the Lord had risen, then went away. (before the close of the meeting).

But Mary tarried, saw the angels and talked with them.

She waited longer still (to prayer meeting) and saw the Lord and *talked with Him.*

Some people stay till they see the angels, (feel good in the first meeting), but do not tarry. They that tarry see the Lord and *talk with Him.* Tarry.

The disciples (except Thomas) met again for meeting with closed doors for fear of the Jews. Jesus appeared in the midst. No door could keep Him out when people are met to worship Him.

They met Thomas and told him, but he would not believe till he saw Him. So Jesus appeared again to him (and others) and said. "Thrust thy hand into My side." "Be not faithless, but believing," etc.

Some shouted, others cried. All drank in the truth. It was a God-led meeting.

The afternoon meeting and open-air were unusually interesting, full of life and spirit. The Brigadier told them that to have the old times back they must bring them back themselves, and I believe, with Capt. and Mrs. Pink and Lieut. Evoy at their head, it shall be done.

The night meeting was made up of short, interesting, and very spiritual talks. Nothing long and dry.

The Brigadier took the lesson, read the last five verses of the tenth chapter of St. Luke, simply saying to the people, "I want you to follow Mary's example and choose the better part."

The crowd remained very interested till the close, and one soul ventured his all upon Jesus.

With such leaders, we have confidence in God that the Hamilton Division shall boom.

EASTERN PROGRESS.

An Account of Some New Barracks Recently Erected in the East.

BY ERIC. JACOBS.

"No standing still, no retreat, but forward," should be our war cry. The war in the East is not all discouragement by any means. Since last Dominion Anniversary the battle has been raging in the soul-saving line as fast as ever. One of the events that has marked 1890 and 1891 is the erection of a number of new barracks. Ensign Rogers came down from Toronto, and in September, 1890, the first barracks built under his superintendence was Carleton, N. B. For a number of years the comrades, through difficulties, had fought on in a barracks that did not answer the purpose. What with a band playing in the same block of buildings, and possibly another meeting being held in an adjoining hall, it was a wonder that they got on as well as they did. Now they have

A Nice Comfortable Barracks,

an officers' quarters, and a small hall attached. Since the opening the corps has made progress, with more soldiers and larger crowds.

* * *

The barracks at Newcastle was not built by Ensign Rogers. Nevertheless it has the honor of being amongst those built during the year. Our Newcastle comrades formerly met in the public hall and were continually turned out. The barracks has a stone foundation built on the same pattern as that at Carleton—an Army front, large hall, small hall and officers' quarters. A very marked change has come over the corps since the erection of the barracks. More people attend. Soldiers have increased considerably. There is every prospect of a continued soul-saving work.

* * *

Fears were entertained concerning the barracks at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Bad prophets prophesied that the barracks would never go up. They said the present Captain was all right, but they did not know who would be the future one, etc. Through much difficulty, prayer, and hard work, the barracks was opened in January, 1891. The building is on the same principle as the others, only the large hall is much larger, so as to be sufficient to hold the large crowds that wish to attend the Army in Charlottetown. The barracks is situated on St. George street. The whole property is worth $3 300. The corner stone was laid by the Hon. David Laird. It is a credit to the city, improves the street on which it is, and will be a valuable building for carrying on soul-saving work. Our worthy secretary and soldiers worked hard to get subscriptions. Still there is a large debt on the barracks.

* * *

The year 1891 will be a memorable one at Spring Hill Mines on account of the sad colliery disaster. The year that the barracks was built in will be remembered by the disaster. Our hallelujah builders dropped their work for some days and went to comfort the bereaved and assist in burying the dead. It is concerning the barracks I am writing, therefore I must confine myself to it. One of the most prominent buildings in Spring Hill Mines is the barracks. As it is in the centre of the town on a corner lot, our comrades and friends will appreciate it. It is an ornament to the town. Whilst it is not built for competition, it is as nice a place of worship as any one would wish to worship God in. It has accommodation for dealing with the crowds who wish to come to the S. A. It was opened and dedicated to God in May.

* * *

Campbellton is the most northern corps in the Moncton Division. A lot of land was secured here a year or two ago. For months efforts were made to enable us to make a start. Disappointment seemed to meet us at every turn. Faith and works at last seemed bound to win. As the first lot was on a side street, a second one was bought, so as to bring the barracks to the main street. Ensign Rogers, with his Hallelujah workers, arrived in Campbellton in May, and in July the new barracks was opened. One remarkable feature in Campbellton was, notwithstanding the disappointment in not being able to commence the barracks before, the work went on, and quite a number of souls got saved.

* * *

I am not yet in a position to say that the new barracks at Summerside is opened. I am pleased to be able to say our comrade, Bro. Hinton, has given us a lot of land, and a building, which is moved on the lot, and at the present time Ensign Rogers and his aides are busy at Summerside. Capt. Allan is also very busy collecting, and to all appearances Summerside corps will be able to boast of a new barracks before the snow flies.

* * *

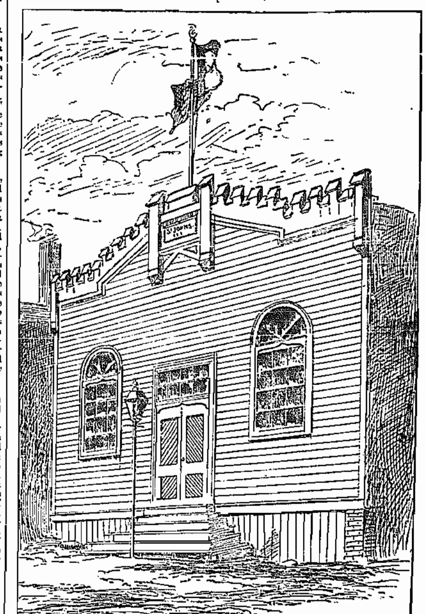
St. John I.—"Yes, that is just what I want to hear about," says some one. If slow and sure win the race, it will be won all right. For a number of years a lot could not be obtained. Since last Anniversary, we have had handed to us the deed of a lot of land on Princess Street, 100 x 60. "Why is not the barracks started?" is a very fair question. To this question we reply, "For the same reason as some others were delayed—for want of a loan." Many efforts have been made to obtain one. Up to the present it has been a failure. Any one having a few thousand dollars to lend, we shall be glad to hear from you.

* * *

The soldiers at Sussex have been without a barracks for a long time, then in a barracks for a month or two, then a wire announces the fact that it is burnt down. The corps was again on the street without a barracks. The faithful few plodded on, and in October, 1890, their faith is rewarded by a beautiful new barracks. When you are leaving Sussex station, going towards Moncton, look out to the right of the track, and you will see one of the prettiest little barracks there is in the Dominion. Capt. Smith, now stationed there, reports that the work is getting on well. Praise God.

* * *

Although the barracks at St. John III. was not opened during the year, a word or two may not be out of place. It was opened in May, 1890, situated on Brussels Street. Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, gave us the lot, and did their best in helping to build. The work this summer has been the best since the opening. Capt. Byers and Lieut. Jefferson are stationed there, and God has blessed their labours in a wonderful manner.



* * *

Our building department consists of Ensign Rogers, Captains Calkin and Curry, who are doing their best to erect the barracks as cheap as possible. Our immediate needs are a loan for St. John I., and upon most of the barracks mentioned there is a small debt, apart from the mortgage. Donations will be thankfully received by the officer in charge of the separate corps, or send it direct to me at 49 Sydney Street, St. John, N. B.

The average prayer of the churches amounts to this—"Give us the Holy Ghost, but not too much, lest the people should say 'we are full of new wine.'" Excessive properness has killed many a church.—*Divine Life.*

SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

BY CAPT. JIM WATSON.

Spiritualism counts its followers by hundreds of thousands, its mediums, thro' whom spiritual influences and spiritual communications are supposed to pass from one to another, by hundreds of thousands. Spiritualism rings no bells in lofty towers,

Beats no Drums on Streets,

has no outward processions or demonstrations, no preachers to advance its cause and laud its superiority. Whence then its success? Simply because it claims to have intercourse with the invisible world and with departed spirits, that is, mediums speak and are spoken to and influenced by spirits unseen. Here then is its success, its supernatural power.

Whatever may be its pretended claims to religion, I have never yet heard of or seen one man or woman whose life has been changed from bad to good, from drunkenness to sobriety.

From Vice to Virtue,

from misery to happiness, by it or through it, and surely any system of religion which does not save and deliver its adherents from sin, is a fraud and a farce. But is spiritualism, so-called, the only religion which claims to have spiritual mediums? No! thank God. The religion of Jesus Christ, which He established while on earth, and which He is now carrying on through the earth in spite of the opposition of men and devils, is

Advanced by a Divine Power,

working through *mediums*, in exactly the above sense, men and women, whose souls are in constant and close intercourse with God, and through whom He works, and through whom He gives His Spirit to the spiritually dead in trespasses and sins. To many who even preach His truth and work for Him, this doctrine may seem shocking and heterodox, but have we not proof of its truth from Scripture, even from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself, and Paul the apostle: "He that believeth on me" "Out of his belly shall flow (or from within him shall proceed) rivers of living waters." This he spake of the Spirit, which they that then believed on Him should receive at the day of Pentecost, for the Holy Ghost was not then given to His disciples and believers, for Jesus was not then glorified, had not ascended to Heaven and sent down this power and blessing to His people, as He did on the day of Pentecost and as He does to all His faithful, real, believing people to-day. Hallelujah!

St. Paul said to the Romans, he longed to see them, that he might

Impart Some Spiritual Gift

to them or that he might be the *medium* through which God could give them some spiritual power and blessing.

"Did you get anybody saved to-night?" I once asked of a preacher who had been preaching in the country. "No, but I *told* them how they *might get saved.*" This preacher's answer to my question includes, alas! the sum total duty of multitudes of preachers and workers for Christ, nay, even of many officers of the S. A. But perhaps he did not know "*the more excellent way?*" Do we? To tell poor sinners the way to get saved, is this all our work? Are we merely messengers for God? Are we only ministers of the letter of the Word which killeth? If we

Saw a Man Drowning

in front of our eyes, helpless, would our telling him how to get out be the right thing to do, and then to pass on and leave him to perish? Or, if a woman is screaming madly at the window of a burning house, for help, we answer her cry by *telling* her of a certain flight of steps in the house, where she may get down—would that be pulling them out of the fire? Saving with fear? Seeking and saving the lost? No, no! Our throbbing heart answers, "No!" We must save them. We must go to the rescue. We are not merely messengers, advisers, religious counsellors, but our duty to the drowning man and burning woman is to put those means within their reach whereby they may save themselves.

It is an acknowledged fact that men will not be saved but by the help of some power outside of themselves. Preaching to them in itself is insufficient and powerless to help them, for in itself it is no more than telling the drowning man how to get out, and if we have no more power than the Word we shall do no more good than a tract of a text or the Bible in itself. But God wants to make us—I mean all His own children, but especially those who are fully given up to His service—mediums,

Spiritual Mediums, Channels

through whom He can work. What astonished the people who listened to Christ's preaching was not so much His new doctrine, but "His word was with power (or there was a divine power accompanied His word), He spake as one having authority and not as the Scribes," who were argumentative and afraid of preaching the truth for fear of offending. The apostles, after Pentecost, preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. The same power was with them in preaching as was with Jesus their Master. This was the secret of their success. They were in direct communication with God and were receiving continually the power of His Spirit which flowed out from them in their words and actions, enabling them to overcome all the rage

And Opposition of Hell

and wicked men, carrying them along to suffer and labor for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. This same power is ours.

But how may we become mediums for God and souls? Spiritualists say in order for a medium to communicate with a pure spirit the medium must of necessity be pure. Truly, in the greatest error there is some truth. If it is impossible for them to have affinity with good pure spirits without personal purity surely it is impossible for us to have fellowship with God and power with Him without personal heart purity, purity of motive, purity of desire, of intention, of conversion, of action, of affection.

There must be the total abandonment of ourselves to God and His Holy Spirit, a definite understanding between the soul and God that we shall obey all and every leading or prompting of His spirit, no matter what cross or self-denial it may cost us, and an entire dependence on the Holy Spirit for every thought, and the mouth of utterance, that it may speak as the Spirit giveth us utterance, which will not be according to the wisdom of men, not in excellency of speech, nor with human persuasion, but in the power of His Spirit.

Go out and practically do it—do it. While I personally feel conscious of my own weakness, yet I have done what I here write, and earnestly hope my comrades will do, and am daily proving that I am a medium of blessing to others. God bless us all.

What Will you do With it?

Holiness is in the Bible.
Holiness is the command of God.
Holiness is provided in the atonement.
Holiness is the highest requisite to usefulness and happiness.
Holiness is essential to heaven.
What will you do with it?

"War Cry" & "Young Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,

FOR ISSUE OF SEPT. 12th, 1891.

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONS.

Winnipeg (Man.) Capt. Aitkenhead		**800**
Victoria (B.C.) Capt. McIntyre		**750**
Montreal I (Montreal) Capt. Watson		**685**
St. John I (St. John) Capt. Andrews		550
Toronto II (Toronto) Capt. Coombs		475
Hamilton I (Hamilton) Capt. Pink		455
Fredericton (Moncton) Capt. Holman		400
Halifax I (Halifax) Capt. Hett		400
London I (London) Capt. Scarr		375
Kingston (Kingston) Capt. Golden		350
St. John's II (N.F.) Hendricks		250
Chatham (Chatham) Capt. Gibbs		340
Ottawa (Ottawa) Capt. Wellwood		330
Barrie (Barrie) Capt. Miller		210

TORONTO DIVISION.

BRIG. MARGETTS in command.

Toronto II	Capt. Coombs	475
Toronto V	" Frazer	435
Toronto VI	" Clark	410
Toronto I	" Desson	305
Toronto IV	" Cooke	240
*Toronto III	" Moss	240
Bowmanville	S.-C. Banks	210
Oshawa	Capt. White	200
Toronto VIII	" Dowell	180
Toronto XIII	" Murray	180
Lindsay	" Butler	150
Toronto VII	" Broadbelt	140
Toronto XI	Lieut. Landers	135
Toronto XII	Capt. Warder	130
Markham	" Smith	100
Whitby	"	100
Uxbridge	" Barker	85
Brampton	" Jones	80
Fenelon Falls	" Woods	75
		3880

HAMILTON DIVISION.

BRIG. PHILPOTT in command.

Hamilton I	Capt. Pink	455
Guelph	" Turner	350
Galt	" Ashton	300
Woodstock	" Savage	200
Brantford	" Baker	200
St. Catharines	" Maltby	150
Paris	" Cargill	135
Dundas	" Heift	115
Oakville	" Stubbs	110
Simcoe	" Dean	105
Hamilton II	" Freer	105
Ayr	" White	105
Niagara Falls	" Sullivan	100
Welland	" Wale	100
Norwich	" Harrison	100
Acton	" Davies	75
		2765

LONDON DIVISION.

BRIG. SPOONER in command.

London I	Capt. Scarr	375
Ingersoll	" Mutton	250
Stratford	" Pepper	185
Goderich	" McAmmond	170
London II	" Fisher	150
Seaforth	" Markle	140
Berlin	" Hewitt	140
Petrolia	" Cowan	135
Listowel	" Elliott	130
Palmerston	" Richards	125
Tilsonburg	" Massecar	115
Strathroy	" Mudge	110
Forest	" Wiggins	100
Wingham	" Barber	90
Mitchell	" Hay	90
Clinton	" Ewart	90
Wiarton	" Fagan	85
*Brussels	" Freeman	80
Parkhill	" Parker	75
St. Marys	" Francis	75
		2710

BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt. McIntyre	750
Vancouver	" Frith	550
New Westminster	" Coulter	550
Nanaimo	" Frazer	500
Calgary	" Rennie	310
		2660

MONCTON DIVISION.

MAJOR BAUGH in command.

Fredericton	Capt. Holman	400
Charlottetown	" J. McLean	200
Moncton	" Hughes	195
Woodstock	" Watson	180
Chatham	" E. Allan	175
St. Stephen	" Fox	170
Spring Hill Mines	" McLean	165
Pictou	" Knight	150
Amherst	" Larder	150
Newcastle	" Leavitt	155
Summerside, P.E.I.	" Allen	115
Parrsboro'	" Clarke	115
Campbellton	" Nickerson	100
St. George	" McLean	90
Hillsboro	" Bissett	75
		2435

HALIFAX DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SWEETMAN in command.

Halifax I	Capt. Hett	400
Windsor	" Desbrisay	210
New Glasgow	Capt. Kimble	210
Halifax II	" Allan	200
Liverpool	" Hynde	165
Halifax III	" Ashford	160
North Sydney	" Alward	150
Dartmouth	" Gardiner	140
Acadia Mines	" Pettis	130
Westville	" Wright	125
Truro	" Boggs	110
Lunenburg	" C. McLean	80
Stellarton	" Rafuse	80
Cow Bay	" LeDrew	80
Sydney	" Davis	75
		2315

"Excelsior" Meets "Pluck" with a Congratulatory Welcome.

"Good morning, Major Baugh."

"God bless you, Staff-Captain Grayson."

MAJOR—"I thought you were in the Old Country, and did not expect to meet you in the observatory this morning."

S.-C.—"Yes, indeed, but though away I did not forget the 'Cry-War' or my brave troopers, and of course the first opportunity to see how they were doing was seized, and I am proud of the result. May I ask how you have succeeded this week?"

MAJOR—"Yes, I am pleased to show you a record of 310° above last week. A hot wave has struck us indeed. We had a special job on hand and I consider my airies did bravely. How did you do?"

S.-C.—"Well, hoping I might be ahead and yet fearing I might not I have been slow to show my figures, but 300 is my figure and I am in for passing you next time."

MAJOR—"I see some of our rivals have reached good figures and there are a few thermometers missing. I suppose they ordered no special 'Crys.'"

S.-C.—"So I understand. I am rather surprised at Toronto, Hamilton, and one or two more not appearing. Good bye. God bless you."

MAJOR—"Good bye."

MANITOBA DIVISION.

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt. Aitkenhead	800
Brandon	" Lawry	500
Portage la Prairie	" Hilts	260
Neepawa	" Isaacson	170
Selkirk	" Orom	150
Carberry	" Edmonds	130
Emerson	" McGill	125
Morden	" Gordon	125
		2260

MONTREAL DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt. Watson	685
Quebec II	" McGinness	250
Sherbrooke	" Dyson	180
Montreal II	" Myles	175
Bedford	" McKoo	115
Lachute	" Osmond	115
Chesterville	" Tovill	110
Coaticooke	" Goodwin	110
Maxville	" Brady	100
W. Winchester	" Harding	100
Waterloo	" Crowe	85
Cowansville	" Batten	85
Richmond	" McKeen	75
Knowlton	" McClenaghan	75
		2260

CHATHAM DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY in command.

Chatham	Capt. Gibbs	340
Windsor	" Smith	200
St. Thomas	" Cardiner	200
Ridgetown	" Crook	160
Sarnia	" Greatrex	140
Essex Centre	" Husted	125
Wallaceburg	" Ogilvie	100
Dresden	" Halpany	100
Kingsville	" Wells	95
Leamington	Capt. Sargent	90
Amherstburg	" McIntyre	90
Blenheim	" McKague	85
Wheatley	" Hunt	85
Bothwell	" Snider	90
Comber	" Staiger	80
Watford	" Branigan	80
Thamesville	" Rowe	75
Tilbury Centre	" Junkin	75
		2200

ST. JOHN, N. B., DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

St. John I	Capt. Andrews	550
St. John V	Ens. Matthews	325
Yarmouth	Capt. D. Creighton	225
St. John III	" Byers	140
St. John II	" McNamara	130
Digby	" McDonald	130
Carleton	" Larder	120
Bridgetown	" Tuttle	115
Fairville	" Allan	110
Bear River	" Roach	110
Annapolis	" Gushue	100
		2055

†KINGSTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL in command.

Kingston	Capt. Golden	350
Port Hope	Capt. McKenzie	250
Peterboro	Ensign Steele	200
Belleville	Capt. Barber	140
Trenton	" Best	105
Cobourg	" Worr	95
Deseronto	" Cameron	95
Napanee	" Kett	90
Omemee	" Cass	90
Millbrook	" Stockton	85
Madoc	" Cragg	85
Picton	" Forman	85
Norwood	" Handicott	85
Bloomfield	" Whyte	80
Campbellford	" Cardiff	75
Tweed	" Patton	75
		1985

OTTAWA DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Ottawa	Capt. Wellwood	330
Cornwall	" Payne	265
Gananoque	" Bradley	215
Perth	" Woolley	160
Brockville	" Ludgate	145
Pembroke	" Ash	140
Morrisburg	" Gale	130
Kemptville	" Todd	115
Carleton Place	" McKinnon	110
Beachburg	" Parker	105
Prescott	" Evans	100
Renfrew	" Martin	75
		1890

BARRIE DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BENNETT in command.

Barrie	Capt. Miller	210
Owen Sound	" Milner	195
Orillia	" Ayre	175
Parry Sound	" Williams	180
Collingwood	" Richardson	110
Bracebridge	" Boyd	100
Midland	" Birch	95
Newmarket	" Gale	90
Orangeville	" King	85
Gravenhurst	" Ellery	80
Huntsville	" Boxall	80
Stayner	" Johnson	80
Hillsdale	" Dyker	75
Shelburne	" Ismor	75
Sutton	" Cockerill	75
		1655

*NEWFOUNDLAND.

STAFF-CAPT. McINTYRE in command.

St. John's II.	Capt. Hendricks	250
St. John's I	Adjt. Taylor	[illegible]
Harbor Grace	Capt. Yorke	[illegible]
*Little Bay	" French	100
*Tilt Cove	" Freeman	100
Carbonear	" Janes	[illegible]
*Petty's Island	Lieut. Bowering	[illegible]
*Grand Bank	Capt. Campbell	[illegible]
Bay Roberts	" Blackburn	[illegible]
Burin	" Tilley	[illegible]
*Twillingate	" Penney	[illegible]
		1200

OUR ANNIVERSARY "CRY!"

EXTRA-ORDER-NARY COMPETITION!

Moncton Division

mounts the pinnacle with a leap of three hundred and ten, for which the following corps may deserve special mention:—

Station	Rise	Station	Rise
Charlottetown	40	Fredericton	[illegible]
Moncton	30	Woodstock	[illegible]
St. Stephen	30	Springhill	[illegible]
Amherst	25	Chatham	[illegible]
Newcastle	20	Sussex	[illegible]
Campbellton	10	Sackville	[illegible]
Summerside	10	St. George	[illegible]

and Hillsboro' even, added 5—GOOD!

British Columbia

comes well up to the mark. O, if Staff-Capt. Grayson had only known just what the Moncton Marvels were doing, she would surely have ordered a few more. The following corps came nobly to her assistance however:—

Victoria	100	Vancouver	[illegible]
New Westminster	50	Calgary	[illegible]

A CREDITABLE QUARTETTE! Eh?

Taking the efforts of single corps into consideration, there is only one other that will bear comparison with B.C's two leaders, and that one is BRANDON—booming Brandon!

Halifax Division

made a grand spurt, and it's a good thing for them they did, or Manitoba would have got ahead of them. Here is a sample of their work:—

Halifax I	50	New Glasgow	[illegible]
Windsor	30	Acadia Mines	[illegible]
Halifax II	20	Dartmouth	[illegible]

and brave North Sydney 2[illegible]

Halifax III., Kentville, Westville, Cow Bay, and Truro added 10 each to the List, thus doing themselves a favor and making a creditable record. God bless them!

Manitoba Comes Next.

As you see by the thermometer, they register the same increase as Halifax, but they have 95 more to gain before their total will equal H. Division. It will be interesting to see how they stand next week, for I am afraid a lot of these "specials" will fall off, yet I trust not all.

Major Morris' marksmen scored the following number of points:—

Brandon	100	Emerson	[illegible]
Neepawa	25	Selkirk	[illegible]
Morden	25	Moose Jaw	[illegible]

That's not a bad increase, I'm sure. I only wish I could report it permanent—but alas! alas!! Nay, I will not sorrow as those without hope.

"Watch and wait" is my motto.

Another look toward the rising sun and our eyes fall on ST. JOHN, N.B. That interesting division is to be commended for the position they have taken in this struggle. A rise of 220 is worthy of "honorable mention," even if it does not take the "Gold Medal," and we'll give them another chance in a few months' time. Keep believing!

Attention! Read.

St. John V	50	Excelsior
St. John I	30	XXX
Yarmouth	30	Ditto
St. John III	30	En Bulle
Carleton	25	A 1
St. John II	20	Good
Annapolis	20	Ditto
Bridgetown	10	Fair
Digby	10	Grand

What think you of that? Fine! Who says Digby has not done as well as Big St. John V., "comparatively"? Dig deep, Digby, and you will yet develop prodigiously no doubt.

Since writing the above notes, we have been informed that

Cornwall has ordered	50
Kemptville " "	25
Beachburg " "	25
Woodstock, N.B., "	20
And Millbrook, "	15

additional "special" CRYS.

Good news is always welcome!

I have also an intimation that certain western stations are raising their orders permanently to a degree that will startle the world when revealed (so to speak). Watch next week's List and Notes, and see what can be done to beat their record.

A cold BATH has made

Kingston Division Turn Pale,

as it were, and dropped it under St. John. Of course St. John cannot crow much over that. However, I do not despair of Kingston regaining its lost position, and yet as I am a sort of a "level-bubble" myself, I rather lean toward the side that goes up, and therefore hope to see St. John retain its exalted position.

Just look at

Newfoundland Again.

Several new stations have come into the List and the total has risen to

TWELVE HUNDRED,

and still there's more to follow. QUIZ.

CHEERY CHIT-CHAT

— FROM —

Sundry Scattered Stations.

Sunbury comrades are rejoicing over two precious souls finding peace and pardon. Soldiers and converts are all doing well. May their numbers daily increase. The Cross is the attraction, and living beneath its shade you may find Capt. TINNEY and Lieut. BOYLER.

Picton officers are still pegging away at the forts of darkness. There are evidences of weakness in certain parts of the wall, and they are believing to get a few bricks out of it soon, and march through with the standard of King Emmanuel and claim possession.

WHAT'S THIS?

"Missionary Johnager," the "Greene Family," band, the Smiling Scribe, and a certain well-know Capt. B., were present at the Durbar and Farewell at Kingston recently. Also

A MUSICAL BLIZZARD

was held on the following Monday night, at which the largest audience for months was in attendance, and all were delighted, and wished the musical comrades to return at their earliest convenience.

THE BLIND RECEIVE SIGHT.

Cornwall.—"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Since taking charge here evidently God's Spirit has taken hold, for four souls have fallen before His presence and power. In tears of contrition pouring out their heart's bitterness at the feet of Jesus, they found that what the

SOFT SOAP BUSINESS

failed to do, in washing away the guilt and misery, the Blood of Jesus did. It remains for them now to prove the alteration by sticking to the exhortation, and not live in silence, but shout out the good news for the benefit of others. Three conscientiously received light in the Holiness meeting, and volunteered for cleansing, professing liberation from the "opinions of others." A poor fellow the other night, although seemingly under the influence of liquor, had sense enough to know that the S.A. were his friends, knelt at the penitent form at the beginning of the meeting, going through with his hands and head some very peculiar antics, thumping his breast and crying to the Virgin Mary. Needless to say we pitied him and did our best to help him. Through visiting, an old lady, over

EIGHTY YEARS OLD

was led into the light. She is also blind and was unable to get to meeting, but thank God, the S.A. found her out and

BROUGHT THE MEETING TO HER.

She feels very grateful to the Salvation Army. With tears of joy she told me, "I never saw it after that fashion before."—Capt. PAYNE.

FROM SOMEWHERE.

DEAR EDITOR,—Again this week we can report victory. One dear man who has been seeking for a clean heart for over a year found it in the Holiness Meeting Sunday morning. Also a sister. Holy living will bring us present victory. Then at night we told the people to all stop to the prayer meeting saying to them that it was the best part of the meeting. So it proved. Although it was late in closing, yet we could rejoice that one soul got saved.—Capt. TEN WILLIAMS.

Le Petit Garcon est gone to Omemee, with Capt. Cass and wife. God gave them wonderful blessings all day on Sunday, the crowds increasing in numbers, but no one getting saved. On Monday Captain and I started out into the country, visiting amongst the farmers. Mr. Editor, if you have ever been here you will think it is a wonderful difference from city visiting. First, it was up hill, then down again, and so on most of the time. On Tuesday we also went amongst the farmers again. God blessed us while visiting amongst them. During the two days we walked twenty-three miles. We returned home tired in body, but happy in soul. Praise God! He is fitting the body for the burden. Hallelujah! God is also giving us victory in the Orange Line school house meetings, and sinners are feeling their need of a Saviour. Also Christians are pitching in there and assisting in the meetings. Altogether, we are having glorious times. This is no vermillion red report. Keep your eye on Omemee, for we are going ahead.—LE PETIT GARCON.

QUEBEC II.—Hallelujah! Still on we move. We are having some grand meetings though our crowds have not been very large, owing to a large number of our people being out of town; also a number of our dear soldiers and converts are in Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and other places, on their holidays, but they are returning one by one, and our crowds are getting better. We had a grand march-out on Sunday, said to be the best old Quebec has had for the past two years, and we are going to have better still. We see death on every side, and among the rest prayer is requested for our dear comrades Mr. and Mrs. Felix, who have recently lost their only child. God bless them! Yours, Capt. J. B. McGINNESS.

"VENI—VIDI—VICI"—Madoc, Captain Cragg, marching on.

COBDEN, OR BEACHBURG.—We had blessed times here yesterday. Meetings grand, all day. One boy saved in the afternoon. We have had a visit from the Musical Musketeers, and had a grand time. Big crowds for a little place. Things are getting into shape again after the storms we have had to weather of late. Glory to God!—Capt. PARKER.

STARTLERS!

Near the summit of a stately building just erected by Fishmonger and Poulterer Sergt. Hooper of the Bristol Circus, England, is placed a large gilt cross, with the letter "S" under each arm, signifying that he is a Salvation Soldier of the Cross. "Godliness is profitable." "Acknowledge Him in all your ways."

Are you one of the elect, reader? You may be to-day. "*Whosoever* cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Your coming will prove your sincerity.

Jesus never blackballs anyone but a hypocrite.

* * *

"Let's wear yer cap, guv'ner," said a staggering toper to Captain Ambrose King of Bristol II. corps.

"Yes, if you will come along to the open-air meeting," was the ready response. They exchanged caps and walked along arm-in-arm. The toper jeered while they prayed, and whistled while they sang. The testimonies, however, wrought upon him, he followed to the barracks, and was grandly saved. Civility always pays.

* * *

Thirty-five thousand pounds sterling less profit this year than last, is not a very satisfactory return for the Allsopp Brewery Co. (Limited).

May this result be attributed to "mismanagement," or a more enlightened public opinion on the drink traffic? Totally abstaining Salvationists, perhaps, have much to answer for in respect of this falling off.

* * *

The "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" writes:—"General Booth's departure from Southampton was made the occasion of a demonstration, the like of which has never been equalled since the departure of William the Conqueror for Hastings." No wonder! Love is a greater conqueror than the sword, and should have far more glory.

* * *

Last year Russia sent nearly 3,900,000 quarters of wheat to England nearly the third of the whole quantity imported. During the same period our Father in heaven offered the bread of eternal life to 1,500,000,000 members of His family, but some were satisfied to receive only, and would not distribute. Are you one?

* * *

Six funerals in one week made a loud call to a small place like St. Helena. Among them was a Salvation Army funeral, and, as His Excellency the Governor has allowed us to have a burial-ground exclusively our own, we are able to hold useful meetings within its boundary; but we have to transmit designs of any intended headstones, with their inscriptions, for the Governor's approval. About fifty were in the funeral cortege following the remains of Sister Williams, who died in the faith at the age of sixty. An impressive service was held at the grave-side, and with closed eyes and uplifted hands, we promised to "redeem the time, because the days are evil."

* * *

The meetings at Rosemary, St. Helena, the abode of the Zulu exiles, sustain their interest, and the guardian sustains his devotion. He is at present engaged in translating the Salvation Army song book into the Zulu language for Commissioner Estill.

Do you carefully and systematically study the Competition List week by week? You should do so. Now rally up!

THE VACANT CHAIR.

TO ANY POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND, WRITE TO US. We Will Help You!

To PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

SEND US PARTICULARS OF

(a) Any poor girl fallen or in danger.
(b) Any friends you want to find.
(c) Any young persons you desire to be visited or looked after as to their souls' salvation.
(d) Respectability or otherwise of proposed situation.

NOTICE.—Address all letters, COMMISSIONER D. M. REES, Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, Ont. marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

581 Information wanted of LYDIA JANE CROWELL, who left Port La Tour, Nova Scotia, about one year ago. Supposed to be in the United States. Her mother is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

580 Information wanted of GEORGE HAGARTY. When last heard from he was at Queensland. He had been working in the Australian gold fields. His [illegible] from him or from any person who knows or knew of him. Australian, Queensland New Zealand, and English Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

579 Information wanted of HARRY PERAULT, who left his home in the spring of 1888. The last heard of him, he was in Minneapolis, Minn., U.S. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

578 Information wanted of WILLIAM MARCAR. Last heard of 12 years ago at San Francisco. At that time he was the first mate of a ship sailing from San Francisco to the South Sea Islands. Friends are anxious to hear from him or of him. United States and all foreign Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

577 Information wanted of MRS. LUCY CANAN, whose maiden surname was DARNELL. She left Hamilton between 5 and 7 years ago. About 22 years of age. Light blue eyes; small in stature; fair complexion. She left a note at the time she went from home, stating she intended to go to the United States. She had two children—one of them was a boy and the other a girl. She took the girl child with her, and left the boy in Hamilton. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

576 Information wanted of GEORGE WILLIAM BROOKS, aged 35 years. May be found working on a railroad. Last heard from in West Virginia, U.S. His wife and children are anxious to hear from him. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

(2) Information wanted of MRS. BOSWELL, not MRS. HAWELL, as incorrectly printed in "Cry" of 29th August.

586 Information wanted of WILLIAM EDMONDS who left Quebec, St. John, New Brunswick, or some town in Nova Scotia. His age is 60 years. His sister is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

585 Information wanted of MR. and MRS. JOHN BERRY, or either of them. They have only been once heard from in about 36 years. When heard from they were in Kurrachee, East Indies. If this should meet the eye of any relative or personal friend they will confer a favor by reporting us to their whereabouts. All East Indian Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

589 Information wanted of a family by the name of RYDE, who lived in Guelph. One Kate Ryde, now deceased, married E. K. Collett. The lawful issue of the marriage being a son named CHARLES EDWARD COLLETT. The object of this enquiry is to ascertain the whereabouts of Charles Edward Collett, aged 7 years. It would appear that Kate Ryde, or Mrs. E. K. Collett, contracted a second marriage with a man by the name of JAMES SIDDALL, after the departure of her first husband, E. K. Collett, to British Columbia. Guelph Salvationists, please make strict enquiry.—19-9-91.

571 MR. BURRY, harness maker by trade. Left Cambridge, England, about 15 years ago. When last heard of was living in Chicago, U.S. Friends are anxious to hear from him. 19-9-91.

201 Information wanted of JOSEPH ALONZO WESSELLS, who left Lutterworth in April, 1899. His intention was to go to California. His family accompanied him. It is possible that he may not have gone further than Badaxe, Michigan. He has a brother in Riverside, California. All Crys please copy. United States National Headquarters, please take notice.—19-9-91.

906 Information wanted of MARY PETERSON, mother of Mary Lena Wehrung, and of PETER OLSON, uncle of the said Mary Lena Wehrung. She was last heard of in Iowa, U.S. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

515 Information wanted of LOUISA GILES. When last heard from she was living with Mrs. George Forrest at Truro, Nova Scotia. Aged about 20 years; very fair complexion; short in stature, and of a lusty build. Salvationists generally, and more especially in the vicinity of Truro, N.S., please make enquiry.—19-9-91.

516 Information wanted of ALLISON GOULD. When last heard of he was at Sault St. Marie, and was an unmarried man. Was employed as a conductor for a Transfer Line. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

572 Information wanted of RICHARD HARVEY. Aged 28 years; height 5 feet 10 inches, black hair, dark eyes. Has not been heard of since October last, when he left Seaton Village, near Toronto, for Vancouver, British Columbia. His parents are very anxious about him. Salvationists in Canada and the United States are urged to make enquiry. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

571 Information wanted of THOMAS VICTOR POISSON, aged 29 years; height 5 feet 5 inches; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; short-sighted; stout build. Left England 14th February, 1891. Supposed to have joined the Salvation Army in Miramichi, New Brunswick. Is a sailor. His mother longs for news. Salvationists at sea ports in Canada and United States, please take special notice of enquiry. United States and all Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

570 Information wanted of WILLIAM CARSON, aged 60 years. He left England with a gentleman by the name of Morrison. He came to Canada.—19-9-91.

569 Information wanted of THOMAS CARSON, 61 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, stout and broad build. Left Ireland for Canada West about 32 years ago with his wife and one child.—19-9-91.

568 Information wanted of CUPID COULDNEY, aged 60 years, height 5 feet 3 inches, blue eyes, tan-colored skin, rather stout. Was a sailor for a number of years. Was at Cleveland, Ohio, U.S., in the year 1865. Last heard of from a friend in Canada who was a saloon-keeper. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

567 Information wanted of ALFRED HENRY FURLEY, aged about 25 years. He got saved at a Salvation Army hall in England. He came to Canada with boys from Miss Macpherson's school. His address in 1887 was care of Mr. James Shoulden, Chesley, Ontario. United States Crys please copy. Salvationists please make enquiry.—19-9-91.

566 Information wanted of LEVI McGIBNEY, a painter, who left Ottawa, Ontario, about 15 years ago. When last seen he was in Port Arthur. His mother is very ill.—19-9-91.

564 Information wanted of JOHN WOODEND. Last heard of at Rockvale, Free Mounty County, Colorado, U.S.A., on the 27th of May, 1881. United States Crys please copy. 19-9-91.

563 Information wanted of HANNAH IDA HAWKINS, who married George Vanbruning. About 20 years of age. Tall, with blue eyes, light curly hair. Cannot say where she is. Had been living with Mrs. W. B. Smithers at Deypeyster, Rensalaer County, New York State. Friends are anxious about her. United States Crys please copy.—19-9-91.

562 Information wanted of RICHARD TURNER, of Brighton, England.—19-9-91.

601 Information wanted of AMELIA KERR. Her name before marriage was Amelia Gray, age 25 years. Dark complexion, dark eyes, French-Canadian, gray dress, trimmed with garnet and blue trimming, straw sailor hat of a light color, small mole upon cheek. Lived with her husband at No. 48 Ontario Street. She wishes to return to her husband, but is afraid.—19-9-91.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following donations of cash and clothing to the Social Wing.

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Friends, $1; Mrs. Whiting, $1; Mrs. Wright, 25c.; A Lover of the work, 25c.; Friends, 75c.; D. S. Perrin, $1; Jas. Anderson, $1; Mrs. Hunt, 50c.; Mrs. McFee, 25c.; Miss Racey, 25c.; Mrs. McGill, 25c.; Friend, 50c.; Mr. Munroe, 25c.; Bro. Ackford, cocoa; Mr. Onn, fish (twice); Friend, pies; Mr. Fleming, vegetables; Mr. Gatecliffe, meat; Mrs. Wiltshire, basket of vegetables; Mr. Cameron, potatoes and onions; Mrs. Quick, meat; Mrs. Andrews, pork and sausage; Mr. Heaman, meat; M. O'Meara, pork; Empire Tea Co., coffee; Sifton & Co., marking ink; Messrs. Mountjoy & Smith, fruit; Mr. Tylor, butter; Friends, vegetables; Mrs. Whiting, sugar; Mr. Murdock, vegetables; Mrs. Ross, vegetables; Mrs. Cameron & Mrs. Aggett, Mrs. Joyce, Hull & Smith, vegetables and apples; Messrs. McCormick & McKenzie, butter; Bro. Markham, milk; Friend, hat; Miss Hitch, $1; Friends, $1.50; R. Reid, $1; J. Bowman, 50c.; Friend 10c.; Mr. Hill, Clinton, $10; Mrs. Elliott, 50c.; Mrs. McBeth, $1; Friend, $1; Mrs. Ward, apples; Mr. Eggart, cabbages and potatoes; Mrs. Cameron and Ross, vegetables; Mrs. Smith, Clinton, basket of plums; Friends, apples and vegetables; Sister Joyce, 1 bag turnips; Mrs. Hyman, vegetables; Bro. Monk, cabbage and corn; Friend, basket vegetables; Mr. Pike, apples; Mrs. Ross, tomatoes and turnips; Mrs. Hull, cauliflower and apples; Bro. Markham, milk; Mr. Onn, fish; Mrs. Cartlidge, 1 bag potatoes; Messrs. Mitcheltree, Chapman & Toohey, meat; Miss Mitchell, Clinton, 2 jars fruit; Mrs. Wiltshire, vegetables; Mr. Harley, watermelon; Mr. Lawson, tomatoes; Mr. Morley, meat; Mr. McCormick, grocer, vegetables; Mountjoy, fruit; Friend, Seaforth, Children's clothing; also Friend, London; Messrs. Griffiths & Orchard, wood—worth $1.50.

FOR THE ST. JOHN RESCUE HOME.—A Friend, bread and pie; Mr. Millar, 75c.; A Friend, $2; Mrs. Vanwart, 25c.; Mrs. F. Seammell, 50c.; Mr. Hunt, 25c.; A Friend, $1; Mrs. Belyea, meat, beans, rice, butter, sugar, bread, biscuit, berries, onions; Mr. Belyea, 50c.; Miss Nellie Thompson, bread and cakes; Mrs. Turner, meat and bread; Miss Catalina, bread; A Friend, $1; Mr. Loneni, $1; Mr. Wm. Miller, 50c.; Mrs. Lawson, pie; Mr. Lotiner, biscuits, pie; A Friend, bread and pie; Miss Thompson, biscuits; Mrs. Crossman, Hotel Ottawa, basket food and meat; Mr. Feuelling, bread and butter; Mrs. Thomas Millar, $1; Mr. Reid, 25c.; Mrs. Melnillo, 10c.; Mr. Turner, $1.50; Mrs. Jordan, parcel child's clothing; Mrs. Currie, meal; Mrs. Slader, pie and biscuits.

FOR THE KINGSTON PRISON GATE HOME.—Mrs. Vance, Potsdam, N. Y., 5 lbs. of maple sugar; Mrs. Peacock, Kingston, apples; A Friend, corn; Mrs. Hiscock, vegetables; Friends, Kingston, $10 worth of groceries; Per Capt. Golden, $1.16; Per Lieut. Sale, $1; Mr. A. Carrison, Picton, Ont., 3 barrels of apples.

"THE DELIVERER"

The Organ of the Rescue Work, giving thrilling accounts of that Branch our Work—appears Monthly.

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WESTERN ONTARIO
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Capt. Greatrex and wife, of Sarnia, have on the shield that keeps them safe from the fiery darts of the enemy, and God enables them to live blameless and spotless. The Holy Ghost is at work amongst the people, and the Sword of the Spirit is doing proper execution. One soul is reported saved and two sanctified, since last report.

A laconic despatch from Capt. Elliott, Listowel, says: "Jesus is being uplifted and souls are being drawn unto Him. (Exemplary.)

Port Elgin braves, under their Knoxonian leader, are winning. "The Lord is with us, and since last report two have sought and found His pardoning love and mercy. Wanted: More real holy living, and earnest, determined opposition to sin.

Berlin's latest bulletin: "Victory—liberty—power—fire—five open-airs—all over town yesterday—four in-door meetings—two souls, husband and wife, at the Cross. All glory to God.—HEWITT."

Lieut. Creamer, Watford, reports:—"Sunday morning a backslider, getting along well. Friday night another, prayed and wrestled, gave up his tobacco, got the victory, of course. Cheer up, look out—Smash!

London I. Seven souls in ten days.—Dear WAR CRY.—We are glad to be able once more to report victory through your pages. After saying farewell to our dear comrades in Goderich, whom we had learned to love so much, we soon found our way to London, where we found some proper soldiers and friends, who soon made us feel quite at home. Last night (Sunday) a dear man, under the influence of drink, came and knelt on the market, emptying his pockets of pipe and bottle, which were soon destroyed by some of the warriors, then away to the barracks, where he gave himself up to God, and began to pray, with three others who were crying to God for pardon. Soon all were able to testify that Jesus saved them, making seven souls won for Jesus during the last ten days. To Him we give all the glory, and pray for more.—Capt. SCARR.

At Feversham a brother has recently started for the New Jerusalem. The soldiers are determined to make a mark for God by their lives, wherever they go. Amen.

The Paris Praisers are still fighting on, and holding their own against the devil. The visible results are not all they could desire, but there is satisfaction in knowing that the soldiers and officers are well saved.

Good meetings are being held at Mitchell, and the soldiers are getting more of the war spirit. The converts are coming on grand, and crowds on Sunday good. So says Lieut. Wilcox.

Capt. Fagan has had a good reception at Wiarton. The first Sunday's fight lasted from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., and finished with five souls in the fountain. God is working mightily here, and we trust the Captain may have bodily strength to follow up the work till hundreds shall be brought to Christ.

Port Perry report comes in written on birch-bark, bringing good news of blessing and victory. The Captain has a good impression of the place to begin with, and one soul saved, one sanctified, and two wishing to be prayed for.

David McAmmond, C.S.A., has gone from Tavistock to Goderich. A brother from Buffalo helped them very acceptably on a recent Sunday, and Bro. Buchanan fired some straight shot, and at the close two prodigals came home. The Russian Lieut. is his aide.

One capture is reported from Markham. There are some good warriors in the ranks here.

Captain Neely and Lieut. Shelly have arrived at Aurora. Capt. E. Andrews, Dr. Logan and daughter have paid them an acceptable visit, and a grand time was experienced. One soul received the blessing of a clean heart. Praise God.

Capt. Hewitt heads a band of devoted soldiers at Berlin. "With the simplicity of children and the principle of men, we shall conquer," is the sentiment he expresses. I believe it.

The Strathroy snare-drummer beats a rat-a-tat-tat of joy over the return of a dear backslider, to crown a blessed Sunday's fight. Both band and "ordinaries" are gaining ground. Sinners are trembling, and faith claims them for the King of Kings.

Capt. M. Cowan, of Petrolia, says: "We are able to report blessed times all along, especially in our open-airs. God comes very near and the people listen with the best of attention. One dear brother, who sat in our meeting almost spell-bound on Sunday night, went home and prayed all night, and on Monday the light broke into his soul; and when testifying on Monday night, he said if the Lord spared him, he was going to pray and praise the Lord all that night, he was so happy. God is wonderfully working in our midst, and I firmly believe many will soon have to yield Him up their all. Capt. A. Cowan, of the London Rescue Home, recently paid us a visit. It was an occasion of great spiritual blessing, and stern facts were laid before the people, which greatly moved our hearts in sympathy with the great and noble work she is engaged in. May God abundantly bless her. Amen.

BROCKVILLE.—On my return from a ten days' rest, I was handed a notice from the chairman of the town council, to the effect that the council wanted the room occupied by us as a barracks, for other purposes, and they therefore wanted me to vacate the premises at the end of a month. So I began to look around for another building, and I was successful in securing the building formerly occupied by the "Recorder" newspaper as a printing office. The building had been standing vacant for some time, and was in a very delapidated condition. But we went at it like men of war, and after six days' hard, persistent labor, and the expenditure of $23, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had got into the best barracks the Salvation Army had ever occupied in this town, and best of all, at the opening service on Thursday, Aug. 20th, enough money had been raised to pay all the bills. The interest in our open-air meetings keeps up well. We occasionally get someone converted, which makes our hearts rejoice. Though we have lost three of our best men soldiers of late by removal, yet the Lord is still with us, and we are determined to conquer.—Capt. J. C. LUDGATE.

BRAMPTON.—"There will be a genuine 'Sharp' (man) at the S. A. on Saturday night and Sunday," was the message announcing the welcome meetings of Staff-Capt. Sharp and Ensign Moore, held here on the 29th and 30th ult. Sunday proved a day of blessing from 7 a. m., when a few of us met to get our armor brightened and our swords sharpened for the day's conflict, (and truly such it proved), until 10 p. m. God spoke very forcibly through the Staff and Ensign at night, and as they laid down the truth to the people, many trembled on account of sin. But the "not-to-night devil" kept them from acknowledging their guilt. Oh! that God's Kingdom may come in the hearts of the Brampton people, is our prayer.

"We're bound to win, oh, yes!
We'll ne'er give in, oh, no!"

is our determination this morning.—Lieut. MATTIE WARE.

DUNDAS.—We are rejoicing in the God of our Salvation. This last week He has given us the victory. Glory be to Jesus. Saturday and Sunday we had Capt. Rock, the saved Frenchman, with us, and of course we had a good time. One sister came and laid her all on Jesus; "folders" and gold were forsaken. God bless her. The people loved to hear Capt. Rock give his life experience. We all say, "God bless him."—HEIFT and BEANY.

STRATFORD.—Arrived safe; found things in good shape to lay hold for God; everything comfortable, many thanks to our predecessors. I find lots of room for real Salvation work, a good loyal corps, and good signs of victory. On Sunday last one dear brother came to Jesus, and has proved the reality of the work Jesus does in the heart. He has been out to all meetings, and means to be loyal to the end. We mean victory or death.—Capt. W. T. PEPPER.

OAKVILLE.—For some time now we have not told you how we are advancing at Oakville. As we look over the past, we can say Jesus has been helping us and giving us victory. We believe that God is helping us to do a definite work for eternity. Our soldiers are becoming more spiritual. Rev. Bro. Northrope has taken the platform with us, and showed his love for those who love Jesus. We ourselves have been enjoying much of the presence of God. Yours in love with Jesus.—Capt. BELLA STUBBS.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
—OF THE—
CENTRAL BATTALION MANŒUVRES.

Temple Squadron—Salutes the Cry.

We are weathering the storm, the tide is high, the waves dash fierce and fast, the bullets are flying, but we are fighting under cover and so are safe. The enemy's ship is a bad one and is sinking fast. They have no life boat and must soon go down. We are endeavoring to capture the enemy, only to save them. A few who were lately almost in despair, are now safe and rejoicing. Yours for victory—MAN OF WAR.

West Toronto Junction corps salutes, and reports:—We are still living, although you have not heard much from us for a while. God has been helping us and giving us victory. We have made some captures and enrolled them as soldiers on a recent Wednesday night, on which occasion, three sisters and a brother surrendered to our King for service.—Lieut. PASMORE.

Company VIII salutes, and reports a severe engagement and a defeat! But the defeat was on the enemy's side, Beelzebub has lost two of his followers. Everybody say "I'm glad!" and fire a volley.

Lippincott Lancers salute. Staff-Capts. Walton and Bolton did some heavy firing in the front ranks of our Sunday's engagement. They did not use blank cartridges, and the enemy we are sure suffered, though without surrendering. We are bound to hold the fort and conquer.—PATTERSON.

The XITH., Toronto's "guard," salutes, and reports "all well." "Move on" is a familiar term in police circles, and has become so in S. A. circles as well. We turned out 14 strong on parade last Sunday, and the foraging party took in nearly as much "cash" as in the whole week previous. A lassie was induced to surrender in the 11 a.m., engagement, who, upon getting the King's reprieve, immediately volunteered to take two dozen WAR CRYS weekly to sell.

That gives friend "Quiz"
A smiling "phiz;"
He says it is
The proper "biz."—ENCORE!

Little York reports a serious rebellion—Blood and Fire sharp-shooting. Such a racket! The saved Frenchman soloed. Ensign Moore proclaimed the King's message of amnesty to all rebels. Fifty people shot-at; three Cadets assisted in the attempt to restore peace—Good night.

Sergts. Harrison and Medlock, of Riverside corps, salute and report:—"Still alive and wide awake; glorious encounters and all-round victories." Souls at this post are being dealt with in earnest for eternity. The rock is still firm, and the dear comrades are clinging to it. The devil often tries to get his foot on, but there is no room for him—he gets crowded off! The WAR CRY is not doing the liquor trade any good in this part of the battle-field, and the Sergeants are not always made welcome in the bars, but they are rising grandly, and we have lots of faith for greater things yet.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING
— WITH —
THE DEVIL IN THE EAST?

A Liverpool report says:—"We can say to-day with the Psalmist, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear,'" etc. Well it's clear that the devil's in the shade, and of him they are not afraid. Since last report the work of God has been steadily advancing, and two souls have been attracted to the Cross by the precious rays from the "Light of the World." Scribe-Capt. H. Hartry, Lieut. Bishop, and three Lunenburgers assisted at or made a grand jubilee there recently, and are invited back. Hit him again, comrades.

Dartmouth boasts of victory over the devil by the grace of God. They appear to just hate him down there, and I don't blame them. Souls are being saved. That makes the devil mad. I know. A dear brother who has for many years been

A SLAVE TO THE CUP,

has come to God and had the devil turned out, and says the appetite for drink has been taken away. I trust the Lord's Gardner in charge of the vineyard there will look well after this plant.

Capt. J. S. McLean has just taken command of Charlottetown, P. E. I. He gives the devil a broadsider first go off, thus:—'No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper." Now, if the devil isn't too big a fool he will take a rest. We shall see. Already seven souls have come to God. Say "Glory!" I am afraid some of you have not said it for so long that it sounds strange to hear yourself say it. Now, once more—"Glory!" Listen, ye drowsy souls, where'er ye be:—Fifty came to knee-drill there on a recent Sunday morning. That's one of the secrets. Yours truly, Down on the Devil.

Hants Harbor. Oh, that the barrier were broken down that hinders so many in this place from coming to the Army? What hinders them? Who puts the barrier in their way? THE DEVIL. Some say they never invited the Army there and don't support it, so don't trouble about going to it. Poor things! How gladly we would help them, but they won't be helped. What are we going to do, let them go to hell? Not if we can help it. We're going to keep firing away at sin, and loving the sinners till they are won. Amen.

At Kentville Lieut. Redpath is on the devil's track in earnest, and has succeeded nicely. She reports two captures. Devil defeated again. All last week the meetings were splendid, and the power of God wonderfully manifested. Devil no good.

Halifax III. comrades have an eye to business (two of them) and their guns levelled at the devil. The past week they have seen three prisoners and one backslider leave his service. I wonder how he feels over it, especially if they all become S. A. soldiers. "The open-airs are beautiful. People listen attentively. We are determined, by God's help, to defeat the powers of darkness," says the Captain.

Though Little Bay is far away,
Perhaps you'd like to know
How goes the war, and whether they
Are marching fast or slow.
Lieut. Earl just writes to say,
The chariot onward grandly rolls,
And in the six weeks just gone by
God has saved thirty-eight poor souls.
We trust they'll all be soldiers true,
Brave warriors of the blood-and-fire,
Keep Christ and precious souls in view,
And of God's service never tire.

They have just had a very successful banquet and are going on more than ever to thrash the old devil.

"Greenspond at this time of the year is nearly deserted, consequently our meetings are not very largely attended. Of course, in a sense, our work is thus rendered harder, and we cannot report many souls being saved. We get one occasionally, and are keeping real well saved ourselves. Major and Mrs. Scott were with us for a few days last week, which was a real treat. Of course the crowds were better then, and one prisoner and one deserter were captured." So you see Capt. Hoar is no friend to the devil. God bless you, Captain. Make it hot for him and never give in.

Capt. Freeman, of Twillingate, Nfd., tells

HOW THE DEVIL GOT LEFT:

"As the time has come that I must say good-bye to the dear people of this place, I do so knowing that my Father wants me elsewhere. Since being here (six weeks) God has been with us and helped us to live for Him and the benefit of the lost ones. God has owned our labors in the salvation of a few souls, one, that of a dear old brother who had been backslidden for about two weeks, but could not find any rest, he had to come to the barracks to get saved before he went away, as he said, "I was ready to go this afternoon, but I was afraid to go away unsaved." So the father, son and daughter had a hallelujah dance together, and the devil got left again in our dear brother giving up his pipe. Another young man, who was at this place in a schooner, came to the barracks on Sunday night and God's spirit strove with him while there, but he would not yield, so he left the barracks unsaved, but on our way to our quarters we met him and he told us he wanted to be saved, so we got him up to the quarters, and it was there he found pardon for the past. He was one of the ranters. Still we onward go." Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!

A BOMB SHELL FROM GRAND BANK, N.F.—The devil is mad, and we are glad. No wonder. He is losing some of his followers lately. Since coming here we have seen six precious souls tumble into the fountain that cleanses from sin. Among the number was a brother who seldom went to a place of worship, but at last he began to realize that the Old Cheat was deluding him and that if he did not lead a better life he would claim him altogether. He began to come along to the meetings; not only that, but he came to the sinner's Friend. After he got saved he gave God all the glory. Not only did he tell the people in the barracks, but he praised God all the way home, shouting, and telling the people that he had found a peace and joy that he never had experienced before. Hallelujah! We are believing for still greater victories.—Capt. B. CAMPBELL. [Send us some more like this, Captain.]—ED.

GLORIOUS TIMES AT TRURO, N. S.—THE DEVIL'S HARD LUCK.

We can thank our God, who giveth us the victory for the blessings wherewith He has blessed us. Our hearts have been made to rejoice over the salvation of three souls this week. In her testimony the other night Mother T—— said she thanked God that He had not only saved her, but had saved her two daughters also, both of whom were on the platform, and her prayer was that He would save her boy. Before the close of the meeting he too was at the mercy seat and received the King's pardon. It was a grand sight to see the mother, son, and two daughters praising God and singing, "Yes, I will rejoice." God has been keeping him, and every night finds him on the march and platform. Another lassie, saved the same night, afterwards brought her sister and got her saved. Praise God for the droppings, we're praying and believing for showers. During the past week we have had to say good-bye to our Captain, who ere this is crossing the briny deep to Newfoundland. Lieutenant, too, has farewelled, and while we feel sorry to part with our old officers we take the change as coming from God, and go in to help our new leaders to pull down the devil's kingdom.—Sec. B. C. BLAIR.

TO INTENDING CANDIDATES.

Kindly note that all Applications for the Work should be addressed to COMMISSIONER [illegible], Albert St., Toronto, Ont., and should be accompanied by [illegible] to defray cost of printing, postage, etc.

GONE HOME.

Capt. Mary Hunter Among the Redeemed Before the Throne.

A devoted life, the salvation of many souls, a brief illness, and a triumphant entry into glory, may be a fair summary of our sister's career. It doesn't sound very much in mere words, but in the sight of Him who tries the hearts of men and weighs up their purposes, there is much recorded that man and earth would pass unheeded. Eternity methinks, will make some startling revelations; we shall there learn, if never before, how wondrous have been our opportunities to bless the world by life and word and deed. We shall discover, too, that platform-work has not been the only, or even may be the most blessed instrument put into our hands by the God who holds the threads of life, or who will weave them into a perfect pattern if we are but passive in His hands.

Capt. Hunter, after knowing

THE SORROWS OF A BACKSLIDER'S EXPERIENCE,

though it only dated over the space of one year, gave her life early and earnestly into the service of the Kingdom. In 1884 she became an officer, and has since fought bravely and consistently beneath the flag, until the great commander bid her take the palm of victory in the Gloryland.

It is a common saying that a bone once broken is stronger than another never injured, and it seems that in the case of Mary Hunter this was spiritually verified. Having once slipped upon the dangerous ground of bad companionship, she was ever more strong on this point to resist temptation. One of her letters, written in the course of her candidate's correspondence, declares that she saw "a great need of giving up every idol for God." When thus she yielded up her heart's throne unto its rightful King there could be no doubt of the result—a life filled with joyful service and a soul with happy thanksgiving. Many there are to-day rising up and thanking God that Mary Hunter ever came into their town with her glad message of deliverance from sin and its slavery; many more will before this have

GREETED HER IN THE GOLDEN CITY

speaking rapturously of earthly days of blessing and Salvation.

She has gone before. We shall follow in just a little while. Meanwhile we have to remember that her place upon the battle-field is empty, her sword unhandled, her work as needy as ever. Who will rise up for the occasion? Who will also "see the great need of giving up every idol for God?" Who will take their commission from Heaven's hand because He crieth, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?"

Comrades, shall we lay aside our pride, our well-balanced arguments, our unstable minds, our world-loving ambitions, and let God have all His own way with us? If so, our sister, though being dead, shall yet speak, and over her grave shall be raised

A LIVING MONUMENT OF PRAISE

unto her God.

Sinner, if so be that one such unconverted one may read this bit, will you seriously bring yourself to realize that with all your morality, profession of religion, and knowledge of what is right, if your soul is unsaved and your heart has never been definitely changed, you are standing upon the very shores of perdition and may be launched for ever upon the great sea of eternal sorrow and despair at a moment's notice.

DEATH IS A BUSY AGENT

around us; soon we all shall feel the touch of his hand; it will chill our hearts with deadly fear if there has been no preparation made, no suddenness guarded against. May the Spirit of our living God breathe over your dead heart even while you read!

Memorial services were held at Uxbridge by Brigadier Margetts on Sunday, Aug. 23rd, when Capt. Hunter's life and work were put forth as example for others to follow.

One cannot help being struck with the spirit of consecration in which she must have filled her candidate's forms when first applying for the work. To the question, "Are you willing to go abroad?" she answered, with the simplicity of a child of God who trusts her Father to order her steps aright, "I will go any place for God, even if it leads me to jail!"

We mourn not, but rather rejoice that having finished her course with gladness, our sister has gone to her reward.

B. B. COX.

* * *

The Memorial Meeting of Capt. Hunter.

On Saturday, the 22nd August, Mrs. Margetts and I, after a severe scramble to catch the train at the Union Depot, and a pleasant little journey in company with D. O. Sharp, Adjt., and Mrs. Howell, and Capt. Freer, who were bound for Lindsay, landed at Uxbridge. Capt. Barker and Lieut. Parsons were at the station with

WELCOMES AND SMILES

to receive us.

We had all agreed to pray for God to make this last tribute to our departed comrade the means of special blessing to our own souls, as also a time of Salvation to the sinner. God was with us, therefore, from start to finish.

We had a fair time on Saturday night, but could not do much definite work, on account of the congregation being in a hurry to leave the building.

It rained fast most of the time on Sunday, which had the effect of keeping many of the country people from coming in, and many of the town people from coming out. The meetings, however, were

GOOD AND DEFINITE,

and God put His seal upon them and gave us eight souls during the day for Salvation and purity.

The officers, Mrs. M. and I, in response to their kind invitation, went out to take a cup of tea and have a little comforting talk with the bereaved friends of our departed sister, and many were the references made to her patience in suffering, her triumphant faith in affliction and temptation; her ever calm and blessedly confident assurance of God's saving, cleansing, and keeping power; and no matter how desperately her frame was racked with pain, or her soul assailed by her spiritual foe, she was always ready to give her testimony to His all-sufficient grace, and exultantly assure us it would soon be all over.

How could the devil get over a testimony of this kind? "Seven years ago, (quoting the date) I

TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF

in my life's book. It was clean, made oh, so clean by the Blood—and Jesus. You know that I have not done anything that would cast a stain on that clean leaf."

We commenced the Memorial meeting with, "There is a better world they say, oh, so bright," which was sung with fervour and faith for the comrades, (all with white bands round their left arms) believing in the truths of that grand old song, as well as in the life and living testimonies of our comrade just took hold of it easily, and tears came to more than one eye before we got through.

God came near. A couple of the brethren in the corps who knew her best,

MR. HUNTER, HER FATHER,

the Capt. and Lieut., Mrs. M——, and your humble servant, all had a word, making special reference to the kind of life she lived, the testimony she bore, and the death she died.

Said she on one occasion to a sister who was visiting her, "You know our people are very fond of flowers, and they have been planting some just beneath my bedroom window, and when they want to cheer me up, they tell me that they are beginning to bloom, and will look so nice when I get up and look out at the window." But I tell them, "Oh that does not matter, I am going to a country where the flowers never fade."

Sometimes it seems that

THE RIVER OF DEATH

is flowing at the foot of my bed, and it looks so dark and cold; but just as I begin to tremble, it seems as though Jesus stands between me and the river, and all I have to do is to put out my hand and He will take me across.

While such sentences as these were uttered, the meeting was fairly melted, and God rivetted the truth on many hearts.

In addition to those who came to the penitent-form, several people in the audience testified to the good they had received in the meeting, and that they were determined to live alone for God, fulfilling that Scripture, "She being dead yet speaketh."

J. E. MARGETTS, Brigadier.

CAPTAIN MARY HUNTER.

A WONDERFUL TESTIMONY
Given to Our N. W. Traveller While on His Rounds.

Not very long ago I called at a certain house. On introducing myself, the woman who answered the door said the following:—"Five years ago, I had not a place on which to put my head. My husband was a terrible drunkard. When I would get a few things together, he would get rid of them, even throwing the stove out one winter's night. At such times as these, I had to take shelter in a neighbor's house, or in the wood-shed. The Army came along one night as he was staggering home in a drunken state. He followed them to the barracks. The next morning, he got up early and went to work. That night, he asked his wife to go with him to the Army. Every word seemed to suit his case. He went to the penitent-form that night, and from that day till now, he has lived a thorough Christian. Since that, we have bought this little house and lot. All the furniture is paid for. We are perfectly happy together, and my husband is at work to-day."

SAFE WITH JESUS.

BY THE HALLELUJAH TRAMP.

TUNE—*'Tis true Jesus died.*

When down in the valley with Jesus I go,
Or up on the mountain so high,
'Tis still with assurance and peace in my soul,
That Jesus is always near by.
Then with wonder and gladness I cry with delight,
Oh! what wondrous love Thou hast shown;
Thou hast washed every stain from my heart by Thy Blood,
And I know Thou hast made me thine own.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'tis true Jesus died.

When tempted and tried by the world and its care,
He gives me sweet peace in my soul,
It is then that I prove He my burdens doth bear,
And His power like a wave doth o'er me roll.
It is then I can feel He is mine more and more,
And by faith I can see Him again,
On the Cross where He died that my soul might go free,
And for me bore the suffering and shame.

Now I stand on the rock that is solid and firm,
My soul's in her haven of rest,
And there's nothing I fear, for from Jesus I learn
To press on when the foe would arrest.
And I now know for sure that He'll carry me through,
For I know in His word He has said,
That His grace will suffice for my needs every day,
And from Him I receive the living bread.

WELCOME WORDS FROM WESTERN WARRIORS.

New Westminster, B. C.—Major and Capt. Morris visited us on the 20th ult., and Staff-Capt. Simco, Capt. Frith, Lieuts. Westacott and Comstock on the 21st. The hall was crowded. The 'Mountain Bird" sang and accompanied himself on the guitar, and Capt. Harry on the banjo. The Major was just as lively as ever, and everybody went in to glorify God and terrify the devil. The "Jennie Wren" of Vancouver sang "We're bound to win," and everything went off with a swing. We hope to report results soon.

God is indeed warning the people of Neepawa to prepare for the great Judgment Day. During the past week quite a number have passed away very suddenly. One young man was in our meeting on Monday night unsaved, and before the next evening he was in eternity. What a warning to the unsaved! Praise God that some have taken it as a warning; one came and gave himself to God on Tuesday night, and another young woman came to knee-drill yesterday morning and got saved, and both are now witnessing for Jesus. Praise God! We are believing for more soon. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour that ye think not the Son of Man will cometh."—Capt. LIZZIE ISAACSON.

Emerson, Man.—Here we are at last. Since our last report God has been leading us forward in the war. We are living beneath the Blood and claiming victory. The work is rolling on nicely here in Emerson. Praise the dear Lord for ever! Our hearts do burn within us while He talks with us by the way, and opens to us the Scriptures. Bless Him! We have also some glorious victories at our outpost. While over in "Uncle Sam's" country or the U.S.A. at Carlisle, one of our outposts, God has helped us there in a wonderful way. The place was crowded. We had good meetings also at Jolliette, another place of service. The arm of the Lord has been made bare, and many souls have been delivered from their old sinful state; homes have been made happy; fathers and mothers converted, and, as they give their experiences, they say, "Thank God things have changed right about since you comrades have come here to help us; we

HAVE FAMILY PRAYER

now night and morning, and God does help us to live good." Bless Him for ever! We have two outposts about eighteen miles from Emerson in the Manitoba District. The work is booming there also, and altogether God is giving us the desires of our hearts. Hallelujah! Yours for Him in the war. Cadet G. G. McNUTT.

Rapid City.—My dear "War Cry."—Probably a word about the running of our corps would not come amiss to some of your readers. The R. C. corps is not dead yet, nor has the heavy frost which recently swept the country in the least degree lessened our ardor for the salvation of souls. We have no regular officers here, but the corps was never in a better condition. We get all the money cheerfully that we need, and are raising "War Cry" order to supply the number of people who have got so interested in its pages. [GLORY!—Quiz.] Backsliders are wishing they were "home once more," and sinners are thinking earnestly about salvation. This is a town of churches, but there are quite a number of young men and women who attend the Army very regularly whom we are believing to enroll as soldiers before long. Yours and God's.—ARTHUR MARTIN.

SOME SPICED MIXTURE.

Very Seldom Seen.

A "WAR CRY Contents bill" stuck up on a board fence, or outside a barracks' door.

Soldiers with any uniform on during the day, even a scrap of S. A. ribbon or a badge.

Lassies with "Salvation Army" across the front of their jackets.

Like hen's teeth, never seen, a report in the CRY from ——— corps.

* * *

Specimens.

The Lieut. who stuck the CRY contents bill alongside his quarters and barracks' doors as conspicuous as real estate signs.

A Hallelujah expressman who wears his S.S. and badge, as well as his expressman's license badge.

A sailor soldier who took over thirty CRYS to Oporto and sold them to the Portuguese, brought the money back, and took some more on another trip.

* * *

Is there anything in the Bible about writing to the WAR CRY? It is said that you can find anything in the Bible you search for. Fish it out quick, if there is.

Is Isaiah 8th chapter and 1st verse, a command to write to the WAR CRY?

Won't the WAR CRY sellers have to hustle when the General's dream comes true—a daily WAR CRY!

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

"General Booth and His Critics,"

Being an analysis of the Scheme, and an enquiry into the value of the Criticisms of Professor Huxley, C. S. Loch, the "Times" newspaper, and others; together with an outline of the New Trust Deed, in connection with the "Darkest England" Scheme,

BY H. GREENWOOD, M.A., LL.D.

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TORONTO DIVISION.

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